

M O V I E CLASSIC

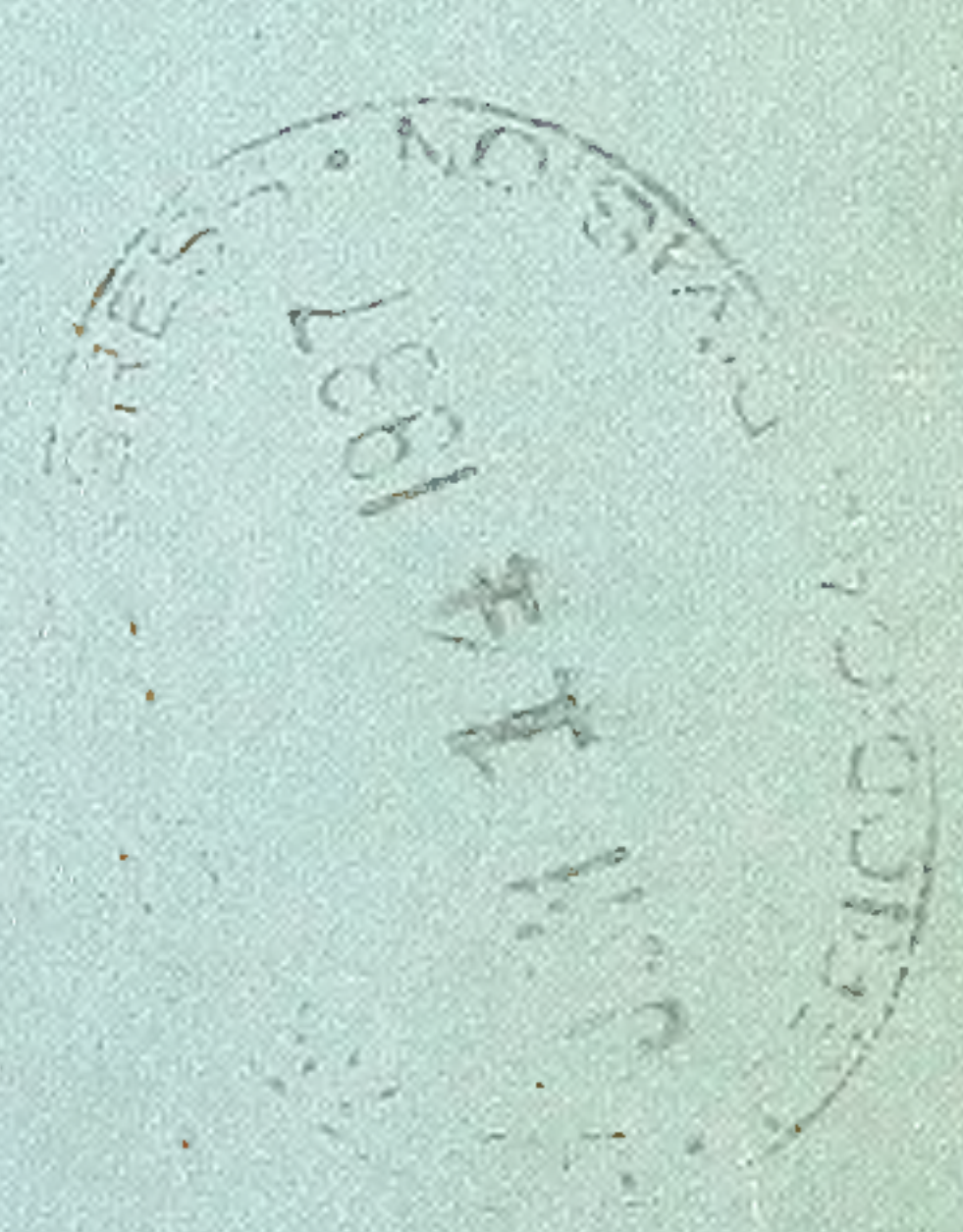


Vol 9

September



SCREEN
FASHIONS
BEAUTY
CHARM



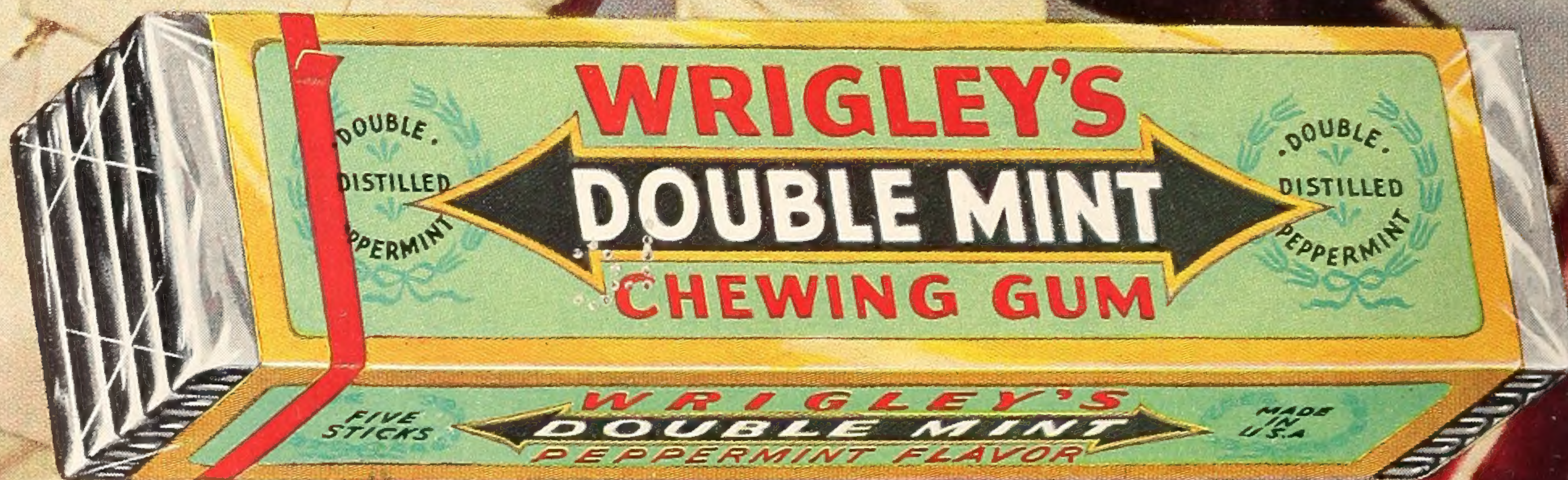
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Photographed in
natural colors
See Page 46

THE NELSON EDDY
WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

HOW CAROLE LOMBARD'S CLOTHES MATCH HER MOODS

PN 14
M74

Enjoy
Double Mint Gum
daily for beauty
of mouth and lips



PRINCESS CHARMING (UNTIL SHE SMILES)

EBL 4 Apr 38



"Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups
... dingy teeth and tender gums
destroy her charm.

A WOMAN smiles—and her face glows with a touch of splendor.

(Dazzling white teeth set in firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.)

Another woman smiles, and her charm vanishes before your eyes.

(Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention with an unpleasant jolt.)

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS A WARNING

The explanation of "pink tooth brush" is remarkably simple. It's because almost no one nowadays eats the coarse, fibrous foods so stimulating to the gums. Our

modern, soft-food diet allows them to grow tender through sheer inaction. And that's why the warning tinge of "pink" appears so often—why modern dental science urges Ipana and massage.

Dental science says you must massage the gums as well as brush the teeth. So rub a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. Ipana, massaged into the gums, helps restore healthy firmness.

Change to Ipana and massage. For, with healthy gums, you have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles

—from gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. And the brilliance of your smile, the whiteness and beauty of your teeth, will make you wish you had changed to Ipana and massage long ago.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

If you like, send for the trial tube. But why not begin today—now—to secure the full benefit of Ipana from the full-size tube? It gives you a month of scientific dental care... 100 brushings... and a quick, decisive start toward healthy gums and brighter teeth.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-95,
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.



Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

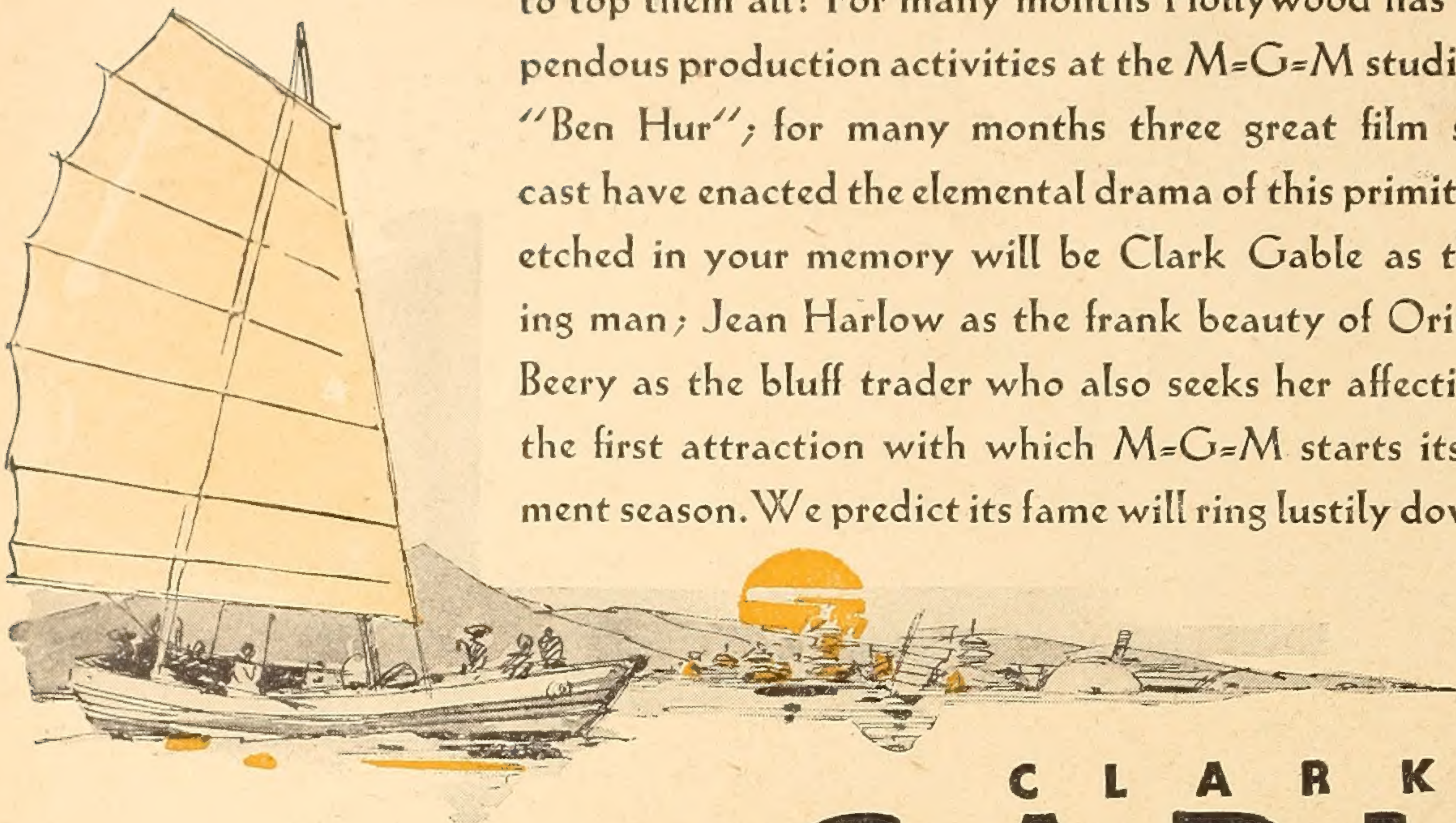
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A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul-adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M=G=M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M=G=M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!



C L A R K
GABLE
J E A N
HARLOW
W A L L A C E
BEEERY



CHINA SEAS

with

Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL

Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN=



MAYER PICTURE

JAMES E. REID
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

SEPTEMBER, 1935

3438
5379 VOL. 9 No. 1

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK



Madge Evans illustrates the September mood—Back from the Trip with a Smile. She has summered in England, making *The Tunnel* for Gaumont-British

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER

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Published monthly by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC., (a Minnesota Corporation) at Mount Morris, Ill. Executive and Editorial Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N.Y. Hollywood editorial offices, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Entered as second-class matter April 1, 1935, at the Post Office at Mount Morris, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1935. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the publishers. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office.

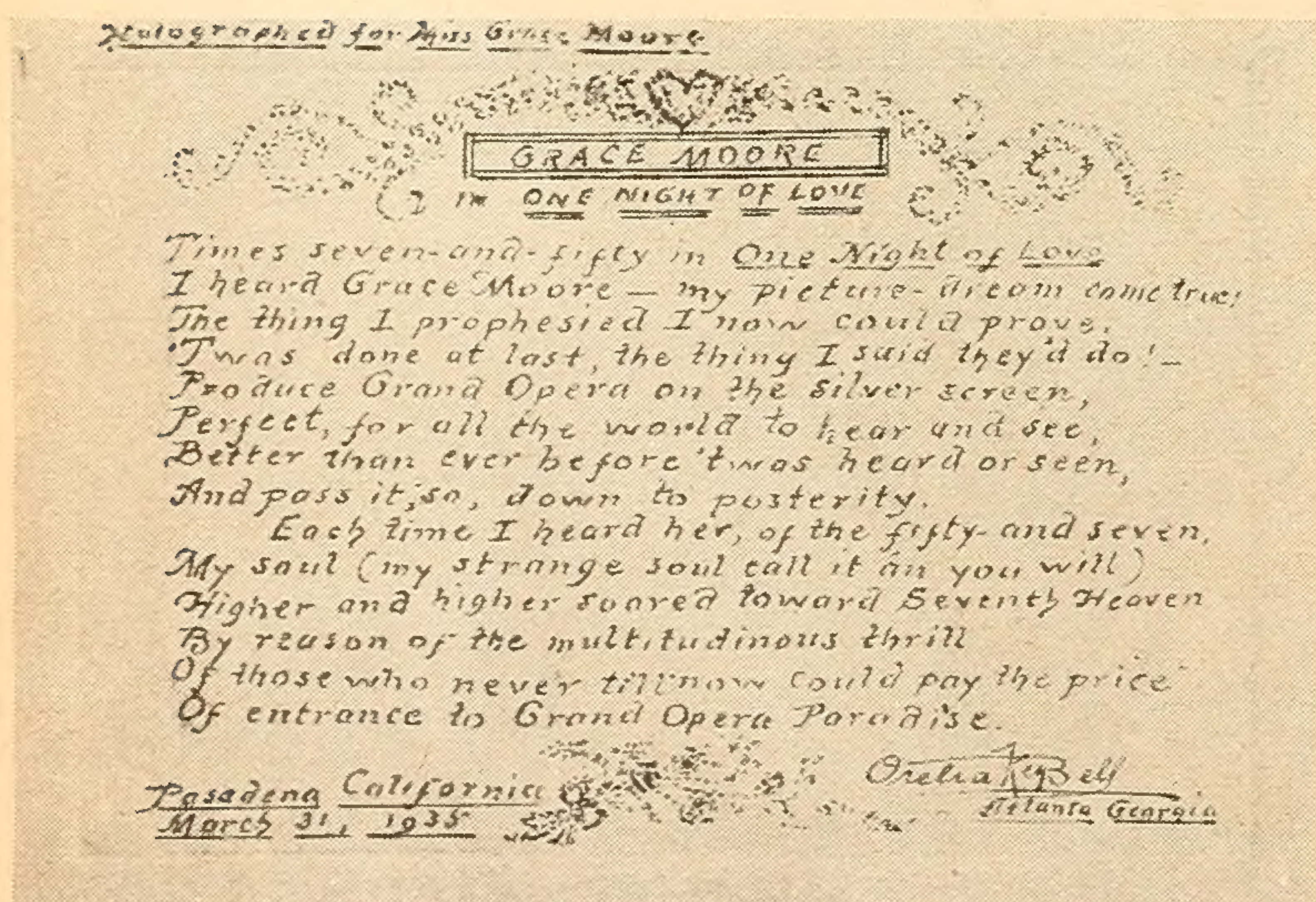
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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The Thrill of a Voice



Grace Moore—young, beautiful, animated—has thrilled this old world as it never was thrilled before. Hundreds of thousands of people have tried to tell her what the poet, Orelia Key Bell, told her on the autographed, hand-decorated card reproduced below



JOAN OF ARC heard Voices—and was inspired by them to lead a new Crusade, to work wonders that the world had never seen a girl perform before.

Five hundred years later, across an ocean and a continent, a whole city heard another great voice—and again a Crusade was started, again the world saw a girl accomplish a new miracle.

The name of the city is Hollywood. The name of the girl is Grace Moore.

Her voice has started a crusade to bring great music to the masses on every continent—through the magic of the movies.

The movies reach the far ends of the earth—beyond great centers of population to lesser cities, remote towns, the last outposts of civilization itself.

Grace Moore has proved that movies can take grand opera where it has never been before—even by radio, since radio has yet to offer any thrill for the eyes.

● BECAUSE of what she did in *One Night of Love*, and because the picture's popularity in every corner of the globe proved that people were starved for the thrill of hearing a great voice singing great music, Hollywood is going voice-conscious and composer-conscious.

If Grace Moore had not made *One Night of Love*, you might not now have the thrill of hearing the operatic baritone of Nelson Eddy, singing music worthy of his voice.

Lily Pons, slender, vivacious French prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, might not now be filming *Love Song* . . . Gladys Swarthout, also of the "Met," might not now be in Hollywood, starring in *Rose of the Rancho*, with *Carmen* scheduled . . . Nino Martini, handsome Italian-American opera star, might not now be filming *Here's to Romance* . . . Lawrence Tibbett might not now be scheduled to make *Diamond Horseshoe*, a story of the Metropolitan Opera House . . . Mary Ellis might never have sung on the screen in *Paris in Spring*.

Before Grace Moore, Hollywood did not feel the need of operatic voices.

● BUT Grace Moore has done more than bring opera and operatic voices to the screen. She has made great singing an accomplishment of youth—of attractive and animated youth. Oversized sopranos with a multitude of chins can no longer depend just on vocal quality for romantic appeal. Not with the Grace Moores, Lily Ponses, Gladys Swarthouts, Jeanette MacDonalds and Mary Ellises "lovely to look at," as well as delightful to hear.

Again in her new picture, *Love Me Forever*, the Moore style of singing is so natural and her enjoyment of singing is so obvious that she encourages every girl to discover her own voice, to find self-expression in song.

She is a living illustration of the fact that music has charms that neither kings nor commoners can resist.

James E. Reid



until death
do us part

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in a scene from the Paramount Picture "Peter Ibbetson" directed by Henry Hathaway

Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard!...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world—those transcendental, inspiring romances that reach into the hearts, souls and minds of people—to lift humans out of themselves for one brief, thrilling instant in the scheme of things and make them kin to the gods in Paradise!

Taking its place alongside the immortal love romances of all time is the touching, tenderly beautiful story of Peter and Mary in Du Maurier's glorious tale, "Peter Ibbetson." Here was a love truly beyond all human understanding—a love that endured through childhood, manhood and old age—a love that flamed with a brilliant intensity—a love that burned even beyond the grave.



As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier's story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.

They're the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!

fowls, but the chickens aren't going to fool Adrian!

● STIFF black velvet lined with taffeta is going to be an unbeatable combination this season. So are short "cap" sleeves. One of Adrian's newest Crawford creations has all three features. It is in black velvet with a muchly starched vest of white piqué that has rhinestone studs. The short sleeves have flaring cuffs of the piqué with rhinestone clasps. And the skirt—a stunning affair with tunic and train.

And, speaking of Adrian, he has gone in for trick poultry in a large, large way. Yes sir, Farmer Adrian has two Japanese roosters with tails six feet long in his collection, and expects them to win first prize at the county fair in October. The funny part of it is that Tony, the French poodle that Helen Hayes gave him for Christmas, has adopted the roosters and won't let the other poultry near them. Believe it or not, the coops have special devices that automatically record each egg laid. It may be a long jump from fashions to

● HE was practically mobbed at the San Diego Exposition by women. When they saw the tall, good-looking chap and discovered who he was, there was no holding them back. The gowns he has designed recently for Garbo, Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald and Norma Shearer are on display there and he was inspecting the magnificent setting that Fair officials had accorded them. Then came the rush of eager femininity—and Adrian disappeared.

● MAE WEST, in white satin with a touch of red, went through the San Diego Exposition with eight bodyguards. But she would not let them ward off the autograph-seekers. "They pay good money to see my pictures, don't they?" she demanded. "If they want my 'John Henry' they can have it!" In the Federal Building, where a million-dollar bank note is on display, protected by marines armed to the teeth, Mae stopped for a long moment. "Why don't you boys come up to see me some time—and bring *that* along?"

[Continued on page 10]



Margaret Lindsay, like everyone else in filmland, is taking a look at the San Diego Exposition . . .

Fashion Headline:

PARIS hasn't heard of this. Neither has New York. But we predict it will be a bigger sensation than the famous *Letty Lynton* dress. We predict it will take the feminine world by storm. We mean—the glamorous new evening wrap that Adrian has just designed for Joan Crawford in *Glitter*. It's a polo coat of gold metallic cloth!

Very tailored, with the same lapels and stand-up collar that the sports version has, it is the best-looking thing on the fall horizon. It has the dash and smartness about it, with that tightly belted effect, that made the polo coat the most popular coat ever designed. In metal cloth or in one of those super-heavy lamés for evening, it is a complete knockout! So get yourself four and a half yards of material (if you are average size), use taffeta for the lining, resurrect your old camel's-hair for a pattern—and lead the parade at the night formals this fall!



Wide World

And a good time was had by all! Marlene Dietrich and Claudette Colbert shared hysterics on the slide at Carole Lombard's "amusement park party"

New

Shopping

Smart gals . . . our Shopping Scouts! This month they found new gadgets for home and items to step up personal beauty that should welcome news for everybody. Find out from us what is new . . . convenient . . . dependable. And more next month!

****A hat for 15c! My goodness, what's happening in the fashion world? Something smart, we'll tell you, for a well-known company has devised a new use for their paper—a chic head-covering. You braid and sew and trim according to instructions, and the result is something pretty special. The directions are concise, the hats are easy to make, and are truly good-looking. What's more, you wouldn't believe they were paper if you didn't examine them with extreme care! On sale at department stores.

****Don't you love something new on your grocery shelves? Discover a brand spanking new food product that is simply delicious! It is an imported-style liverwurst roll in a 7-ounce can, and at its taste you'll call for more! Excellent for sandwiches, for summer suppers, for hors d'oeuvres. This company also has canned frankfurters and cocktail sausages that delight your tummy. The cans are

vacuum-sealed for freshness, and steam-cooked for flavor. The new liverwurst is 27c a can, 3 cans for 75c.

****Let your books stand at attention! Books hate toppling over and like to be held by smart-looking book-ends. The very newest have a spring action that keeps the books erect and accessible. They are lightweight in a smart black and chrome finish, chromium-plated black solid brass, and they are handicrafted by the company founded by that famous horse-riding Paul Revere in 1801. They make marvelous gifts with a very expensive look, while the cost is only \$1!

****Have you always liked leather jackets, but thought they were pretty expensive? We've found the answer in these sports jackets that you make yourself of small leather pieces for 75c! A package of material contains enough leather (and ample instructions) to make a grand-looking patchwork leather jacket, chic for fall, for school and sports. Whoever had this swell idea certainly used a clever head, for imagine having a leather jacket for 75c! (50c children's sizes.)

****Women sighed for it, and it has been provided—a means of transporting perfume around in a purse. You've probably wished countless times that you could have some perfume with you, but dreaded carrying a bottle in your purse for fear of its breaking or leaking. No more! The case is a graceful fluted bakelite one containing a glass cylinder filled with perfume. It's leak-proof, feather-light, and refillable. You can get the case, and the perfume for 75c.

****Liquid stockings! Doesn't that sound like a grand summer idea? A famous beauty expert conceived the idea, to conceal blemishes and give the legs a silken finish. When worn under sheer evening stockings, the preparation adds to their allure. It comes in four shades: Eggshell, Evening, Suntan, Dark. If your legs aren't tanned enough to suit you, just apply this and you'll look like a true sun-worshiper. The price of this is \$1.

****Wash your car without getting it wet! Sounds sort of impossible, doesn't it? But not when you know about this

Finds!

"dry-wash" which saves eighty on car-washing cost. There are a million people now who dry-wash their cars in cold weather, and the number is increasing for summer use, too. Just rub this product on your dirty car with a cloth, and away scampers the dirt. It's absolutely simple, and makes it so easy to keep your car gleaming. The price was \$1, but it has been reduced to 39c!

****Inspired by the informality of Hollywood entertaining is the clever server made of lightweight wood. It is one of those things that serves many purposes in life, from being a cheeseboard to acting as a supper, bread, or cocktail board. It is smart to look at, and might be handy to have while entertaining. Buy it!

****There's a new way of doing the trick of quickly removing hair from the legs. Just whisk these mittenlike affairs over the offending hair, and it vanishes. Easy to use, and extremely effective. The cost is 35c.

****Mickey Mouse has gone bookish—in a set of three little books, all illustrated by his foster-parent, Walt Disney. The titles are: "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?", "Adventures of Mickey Mouse", and "Little Red Riding Hood". And in addition to these charming children's books, there's a big rubber Mickey for the children to blow up and play with. The three books in a box, and the rubber Mickey Mouse all for 50c!

****Wash windows without "What an idea!" say you, "I'll never do that." But that was before we told you about the new cleaner. Just whisk a small cloth dampened with water over the glass and follow with an even stroke with a dry cloth. That's all. Which all means it is a great waste of time-, and money-saver. Excellent for eyeglasses and automobile windows. Leaves 'em all sparkling.

[Continued on page 81]



Esther Ralston dresses for a shopping expedition in a two-piece Stuart plaid with velveteen collar. (Photo by Rhodes; dress from the Broadway Hollywood)

We're sorry we can't undertake any shopping commissions for you. (If we did that, we wouldn't have time to scout around and find slick new things to tell you about, would we?) But we'll be very glad to tell you where to find any or all of them, if you will address Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope for reply.



Do You Know

What Shade of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick Will Accent Beauty in Your Face ?

★ POWDER

Max Factor's Powder makes your skin satin-smooth...its subtle color harmony shades add alluring radiance. Protects as well as beautifies; aids your skin to be fine-textured and young-looking.

★ ROUGE

The flattering color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge are light-tested...maintain their true color. Blends easily, smoothly; gives your skin a delicate, natural glow that lasts for hours.

★ LIPSTICK

Being moisture-proof, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick may be applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of your lips giving them an even, harmonized color.

DO YOU know how red a rouge, and what shade of red will accent youthful beauty in your face? Do you know what shade of powder will enliven your skin and give it new alluring beauty? The answer lies in a secret known to lovely screen stars, and a discovery of Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. From his vast experience in creating make-up to meet the exacting demands of the camera, Max Factor has developed the new art of color harmony make-up consisting of powder, rouge, and lipstick blended to emphasize beauty.

Color harmony make-up will accent beauty in your face just as it does for glamorous red-haired Binnie Barnes and other beautiful stars.

If you are a blonde, it will give your face an exquisite romantic charm; if you are a brunette, it will make you fascinatingly beautiful. Color harmony make-up is as effective on one type as another, and may be used with enchanting results by the girl of fifteen, or the matron of fifty.

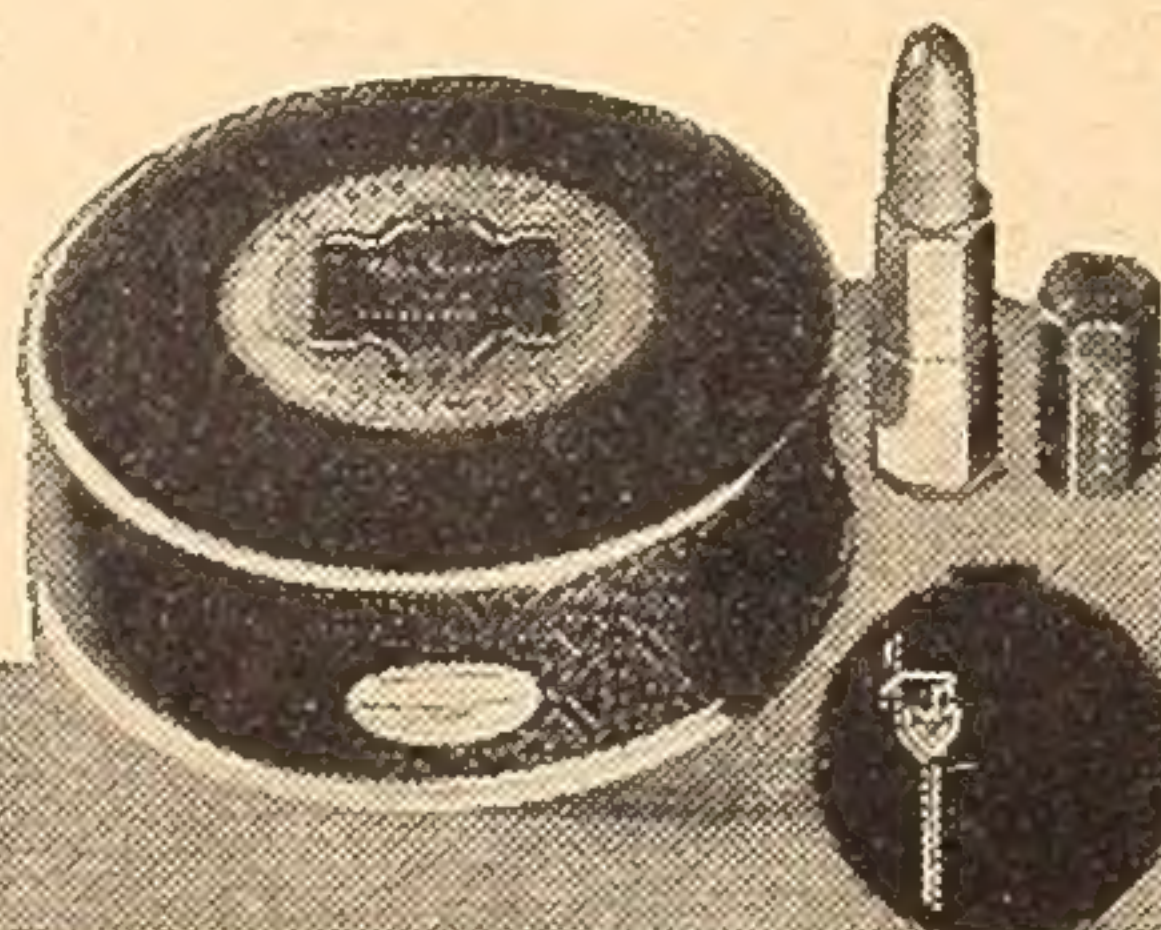
Would you like to see for yourself what an amazing change color harmony powder, rouge, and lipstick will make in your face? Would you like to have Max Factor give you a personal make-up analysis, and send you a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like a helpful illustrated book on "The New Art of Society Make-Up?" Just mail the coupon below, and all of these will be sent to you.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP—Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

You will find Max Factor products at your favorite store. A large box of Max Factor's Face Powder is only one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge is fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Use Max Factor's Make-Up and discover what the loveliest women in the world already know.

© 1935 by Max Factor & Co.



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.

5-9-96

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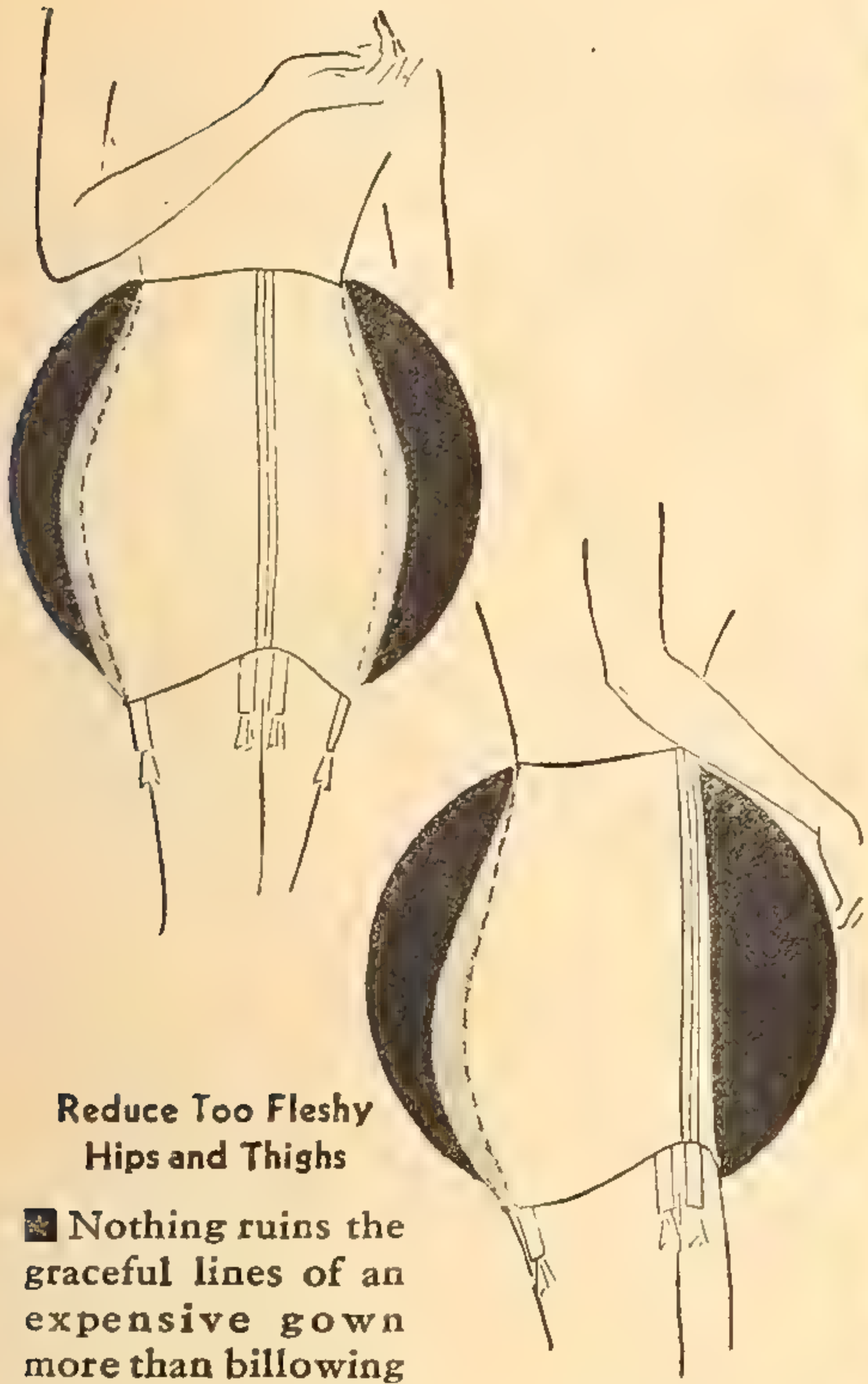
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| COMPLEXIONS | EYES | HAIR |
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| Very Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Blue <input type="checkbox"/> | BLONDE |
| Fair <input type="checkbox"/> | Gray <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Creamy <input type="checkbox"/> | Green <input type="checkbox"/> | BROWNETTE |
| Medium <input type="checkbox"/> | Hazel <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/> | Brown <input type="checkbox"/> | BRUNETTE |
| Sallow <input type="checkbox"/> | Black <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Freckled <input type="checkbox"/> | LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/> | REDHEAD |
| Olive <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/> Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/> | AGE _____ | If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/> |

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!

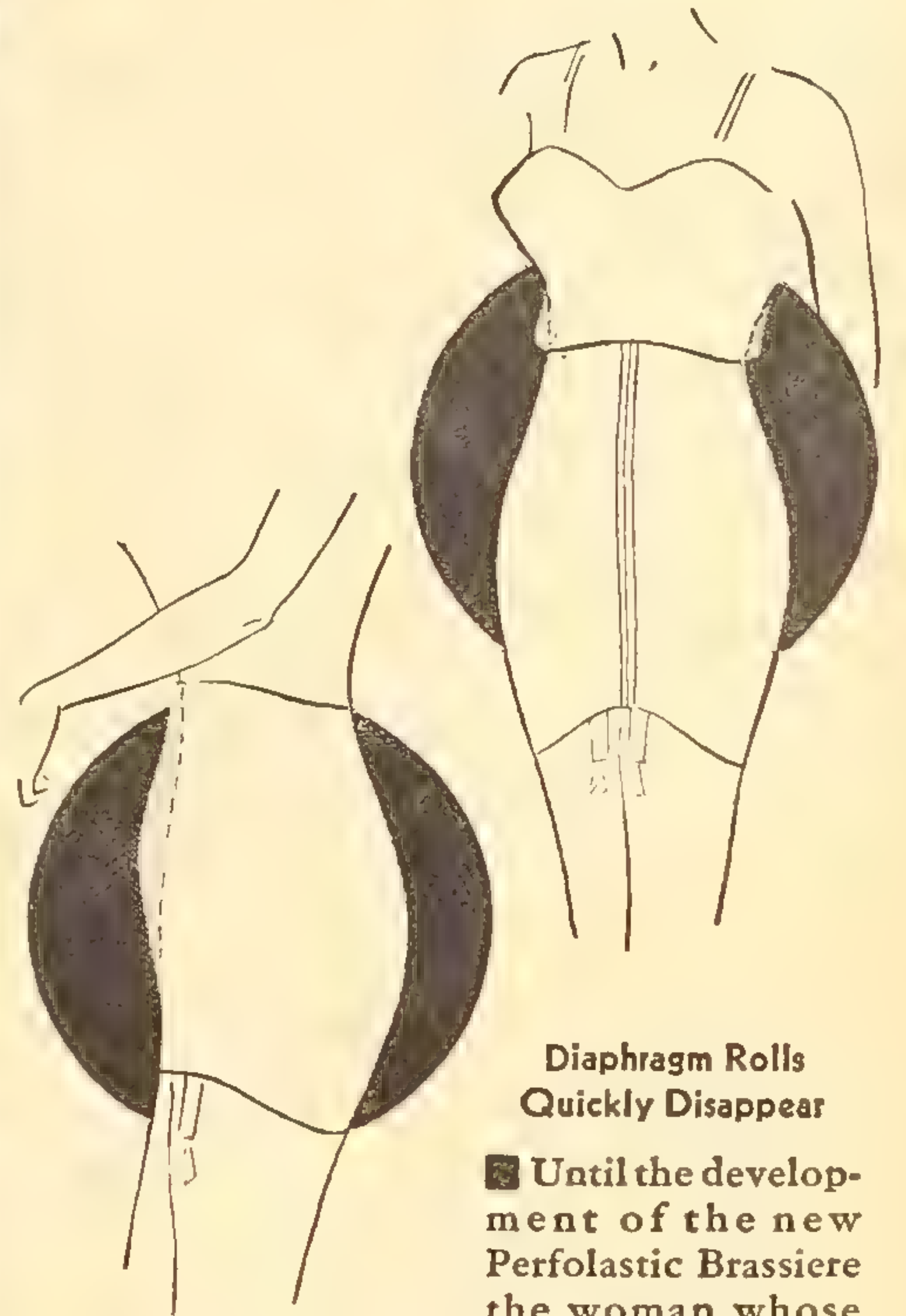
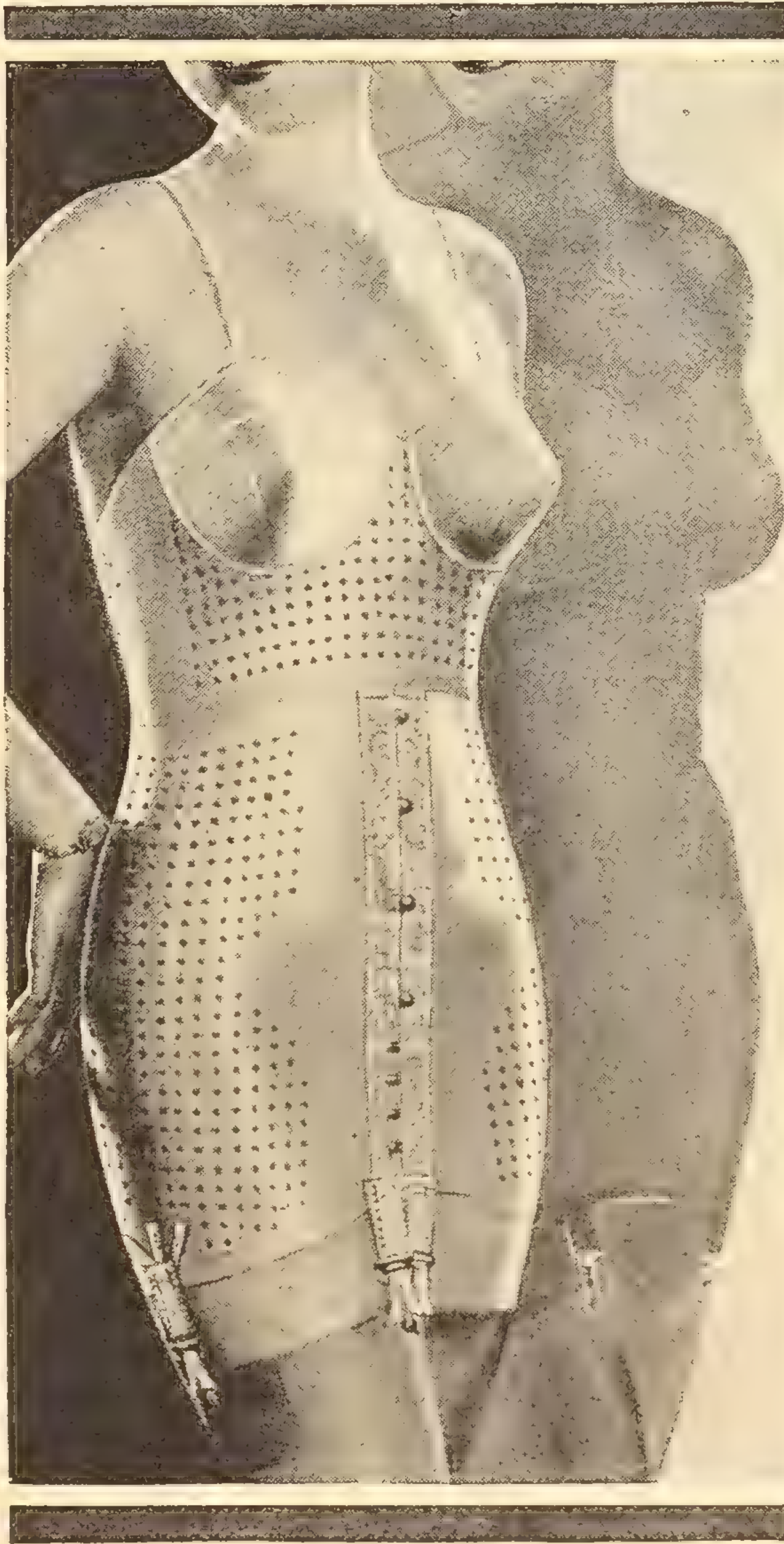


Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs

■ Nothing ruins the graceful lines of an expensive gown more than billowing hips . . they are quickly brought back to beauty with the gentle massage-like action of the Perfolastic Girdle.

The Bulge "Derriere" Reduces Quickly

■ It is so easy to overcome the after effects of too healthy appetites . . simply don a Perfolastic Girdle and watch the curves smooth out at the spots where Fashion says reduce.



Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear

■ Until the development of the new Perfolastic Brassiere the woman whose figure was marred by unsightly "rib-rolls" had to reduce by expensive massage. Now the massage-like action does it.

Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

■ Prominent "tum-mies" are almost universally due to relaxed muscles and resulting fat. Perfolastic will correct the appearance at once and then surely and safely reduce it, without dieting.

Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days . . . or no cost!

Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense. You will be thrilled . . as are *all* Perfolastic wearers.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you cannot realize that every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . and at *just the spots* where surplus fat has accumulated—*nowhere* else!

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . no dangerous drugs to take . . and no

diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

■ No longer will surplus fat sap your energy and steal your pep and ambition! You will not only be gracefully slender, but you will feel more like doing things and going places!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION ACTUALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS FAT!

And how is it done? Simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material. Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" WRITES MISS HEALY!

■ "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

DON'T WAIT! SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF PERFORATED RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon now!



PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 79, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

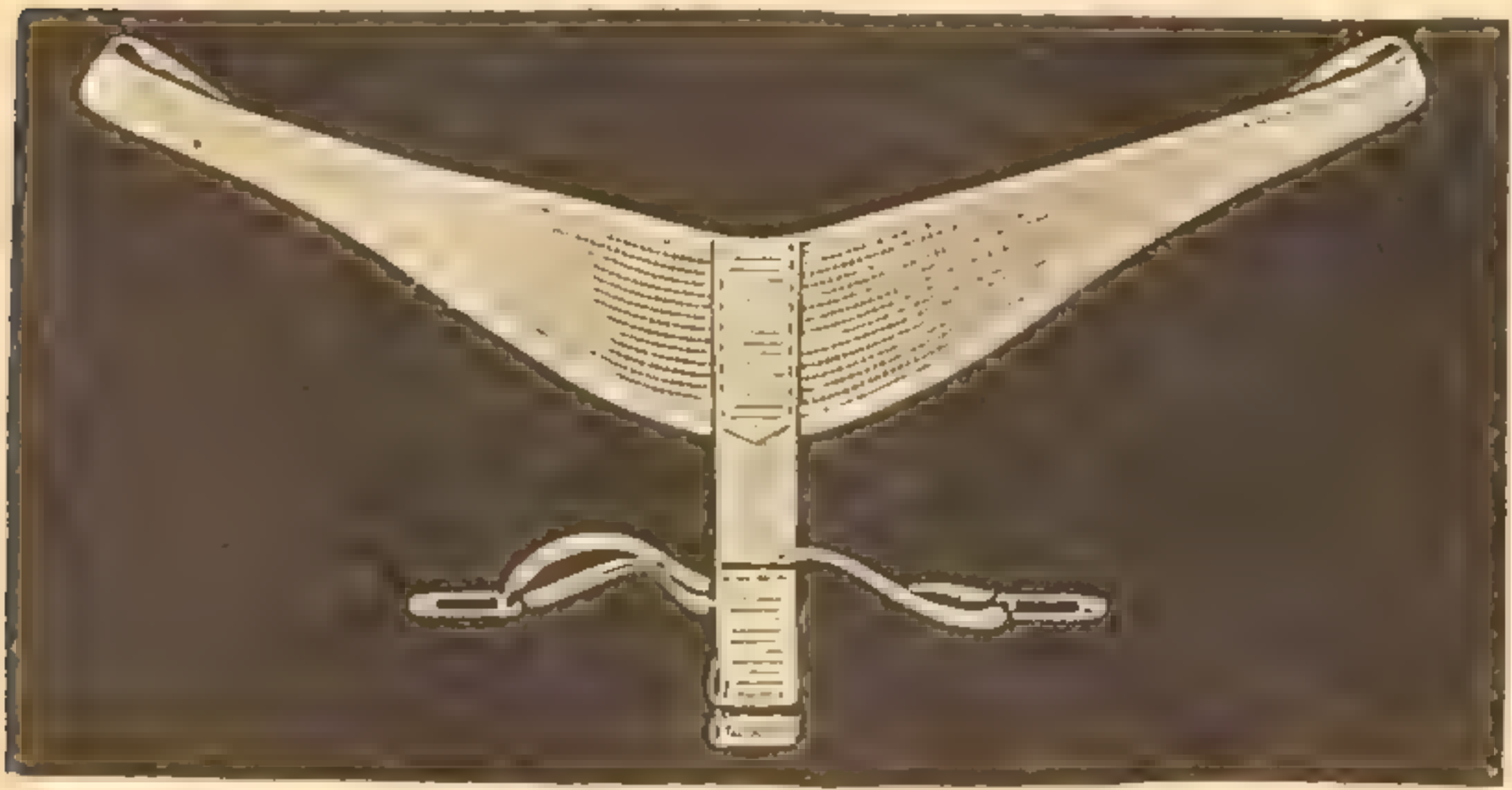
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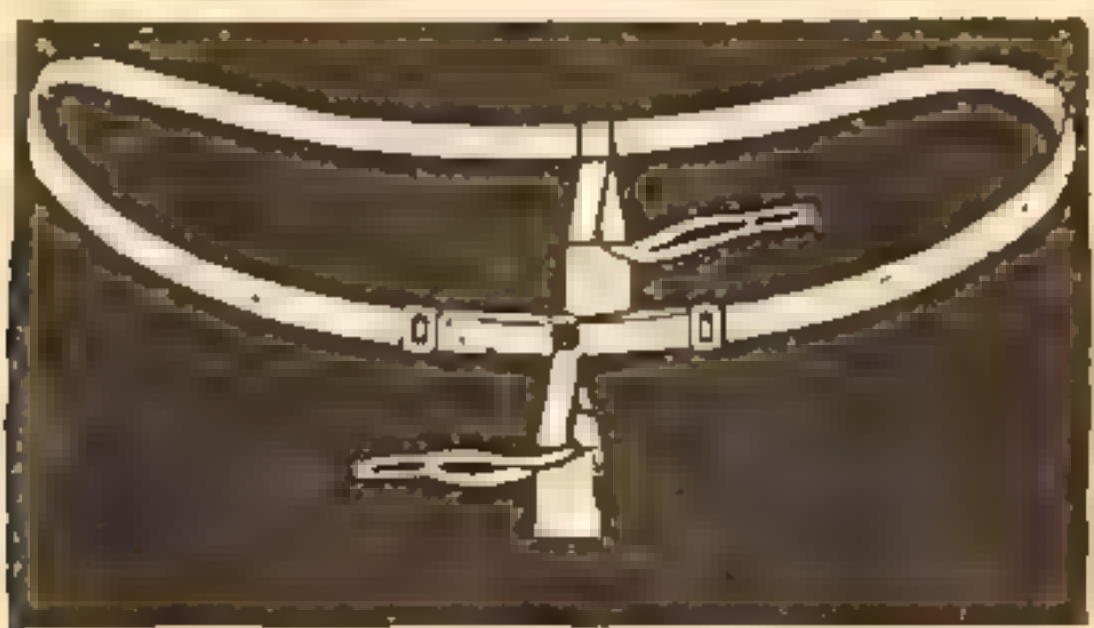
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

WELCOME AIDS FOR Difficult DAYS



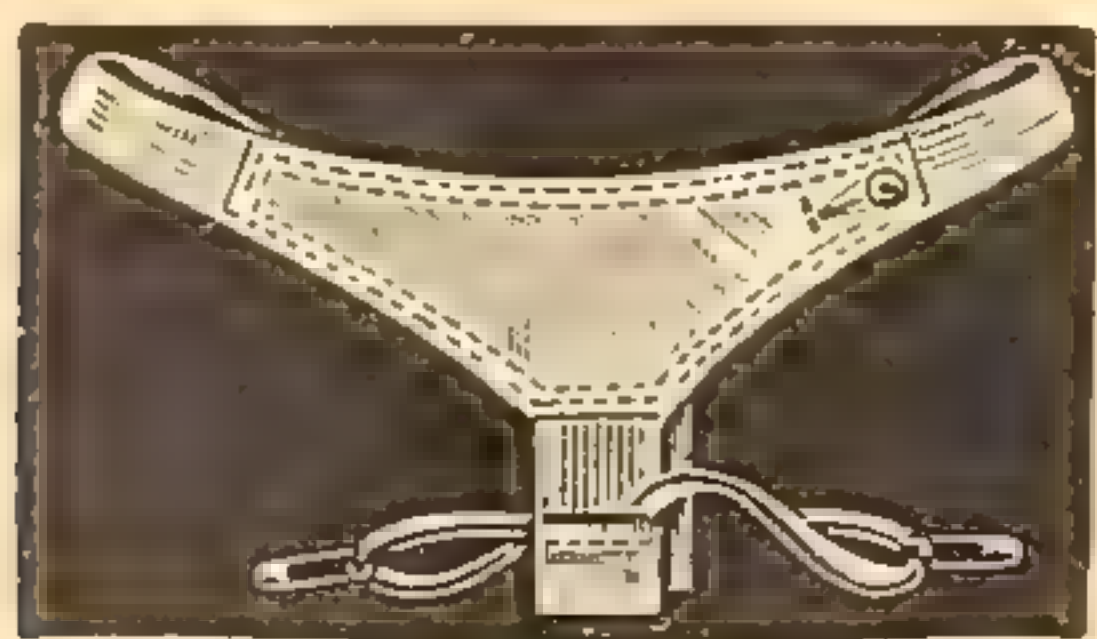
Silhouette belt by Hickory—STYLE 1300

The Silhouette Sanitary Belt by Hickory, by a patented process, is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Silhouette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, light-weight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed, ironed—65c



STYLE 1340

The Hickory Petite—adjustable—narrow boilproof Lastex; Satin Pads, perfectly comfortable and secure 35c



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A popular Hickory Shield Button Style—combination satin and boilproof Lastex 50c

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You'll like HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, too

HOLLYWOOD'S Heart Problems —and Yours

FROM the letters that come pouring in to me, I know that cities are going to be more crowded than ever this fall with young girls "starting out on their own." Young girls seeking to express themselves in some career, searching for freedom, for adventure. Young girls who wonder if they will need every ounce of courage to combat loneliness.

"In September," writes one of them (who is typical of so many), "I am leaving for a new job in the city. . . . How shall I go about getting acquainted with people and having a good time? . . . What's the best way to get ahead? To meet worth-while men?"

I wish I could have a talk with each one of you—because the cruel impersonality of the city is bound to be tragic for some of you—unless, of course, you know how to break through that impersonality and make a place for yourself. It isn't so very difficult, really. But it does take courage and a great deal of common sense.

● I WAS talking about this to actress Binnie Barnes at lunch recently. Binnie has the limitless charm of the girl who has made her own way in life—and thrived on the experience. She seems able to converse on any subject. And to this particular subject she brings an understanding and sympathy that are genuine, that mean something.

"If I were to do it over," she began, "if I were seventeen again and newly arrived in London to make a living, I certainly would not go to some fifth-rate rooming house as I did! That's the first thing a girl usually thinks of: 'I must get a cheap room somewhere until I find work.'"

"My advice is—*don't do it!* Go to some girls' club. Every profession seems to have one of its own. Off-hand, I can think of the Business Woman's Club, the Secretarial, The Theatrical—and there are countless others. Then there is the Y.W.C.A. The main point is, find a place where you can have companionship. Let

me tell you, that is the most important thing the first few weeks you are in a strange city. You don't pay any more to live at such places and living there is a million times more cheerful than in some dark, dingy hall bedroom.

"Any large city is the same, whether it is London or New York or Los Angeles. A girl gets buried in them, the maze of streets, the mass of

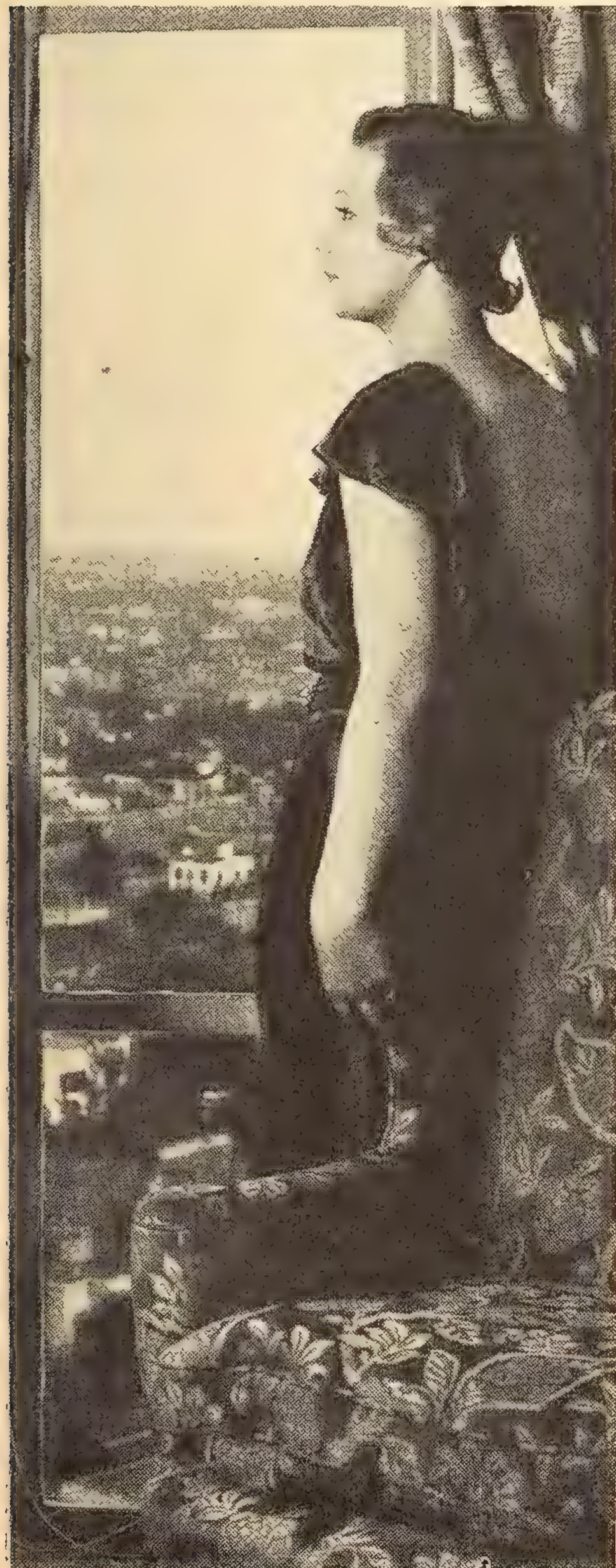


Picture yourself in Binnie Barnes' place sand miles away from home. Would

When a girl "starts out on her own" in a place far from home how can she avoid loneliness . . . best get ahead . . . meet worth-while men? Binnie Barnes gives several answers!

BY MARGARET DIXE

people. She feels lost. She is so lonely that it's like a physical pain. I know! I went through it all. . . . You look for work all day and then, because you have no place else to go, you come 'home' to a dingy two-by-four. Maybe the landlady speaks to you—about the week's [Continued on page 72]



—among strangers in a city six thousand—how do you know how to combat loneliness?



Why Ex-Lax is the Ideal Hot Weather Laxative!

VACATIONS are made for fun. Every moment is precious. But often a change of water or diet will throw your system "off schedule"...and you need a laxative.

Ex-Lax is the ideal summer laxative for the following reasons given by a well-known New York physician:

1. In summer you should avoid additional strain on the vital organs of the body, even the strain due to the action of harsh cathartics. Ex-Lax is thorough but gentle. No pain, strain, or griping.

2. In summer there is a greater

loss of body fluids due to normal perspiration. Avoid the type of laxatives that have a "watery" action. Don't "dehydrate" your body. Take Ex-Lax.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

So be sure to take along a plentiful supply of Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Preview

from the latest hits of

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN... SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captayed the heart of the whole world.

And . . . SURPRISE! . . . Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley . . . and that means tops in entertainment for the whole family!



"All my life, I've had a hunger in my heart . . . a hunger to love and be loved."

Shirley TEMPLE IN 'CURLY TOP'

with

**JOHN BOLES
ROCHELLE HUDSON
JANE DARWELL**

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Irving Cummings

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch p-monia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."



You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS
by RAY HENDERSON
America's Number 1 Songsmith!

"When I Grow Up"
"Animal Crackers In My Soup"
"The Simple Things In Life"
"It's All So New To Me"
"Curly Top"

Flashes

your favorite stars!

by Jerry Halliday

JANET GAYNOR
AND
HENRY FONDA
IN
**The FARMER
TAKES a WIFE**

Charles Bickford Roger Imhof
Slim Summerville Jane Withers
Andy Devine Margaret Hamilton

Produced by Winfield Sheehan

Directed by Victor Fleming

Screen Play by Edwin Burke

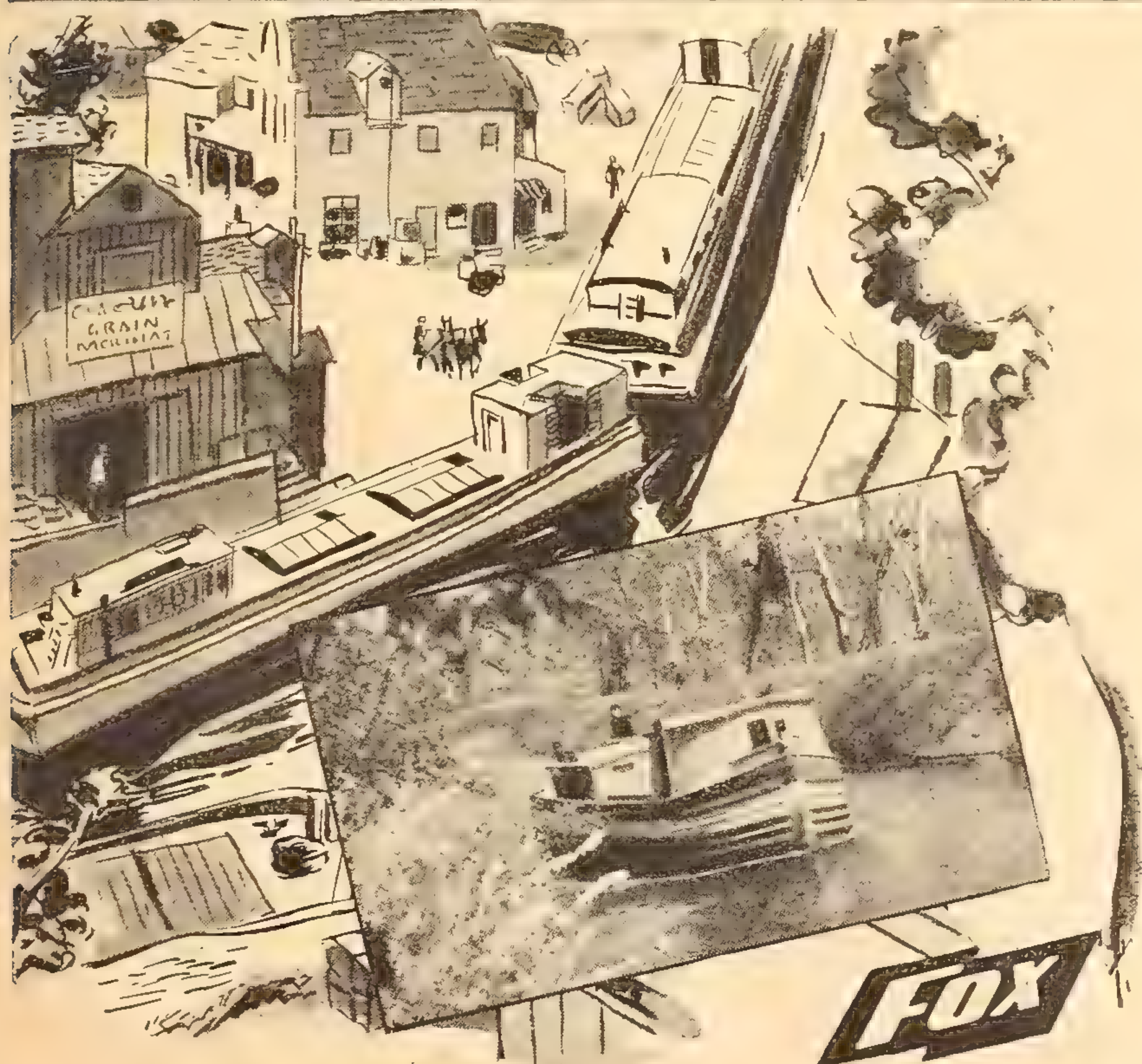
From Max Gordon's Stage Play • Authors
Frank B. Elmer and Marc Connelly • Based on
the novel "Kome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds

A STAR OVERNIGHT

... Henry Fonda zooms to stardom as the son of the soil who works on the canal to earn money for a farm.

JANET GAYNOR SCORES

the greatest performance of her career as the fiery canal boat girl who accuses the man she loves of COWARDICE!



YOU... who loved "State Fair"... HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time . . . when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways . . . this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heart-warming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march . . . when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper . . . while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers,
for your guidance, rate the new
pictures as follows:

- • • • Exceptional
- • • Excellent
- • Good
- Skip it

Speaking of Movies...

MOVIE CLASSIC reviews the new
pictures from a feminine viewpoint



"La Bohème" is sung by Grace Moore
and Michael Bartlett in *Love Me For-
ever* in a thrillingly beautiful manner!

• • • • • **Becky Sharp** brings color to the screen and undoubtedly as a result the future of the movies will be written in red, white and blue . . . as well as all the other shades. There is much development to be done, make-up technique to be adjusted, nuances of shading to be obtained, but for the first major all-color picture this one is a honey. Color tells the truth about the beauties in the picture; it makes the young ones look that way, while the older ones reveal their age. The story of *Becky Sharp* isn't a particularly jolly one, but regardless you'll like the trollop *Becky*, due to Miriam Hopkins' joyous acting of the part. From the time she leaves school until the last minute of the

show, when she throws a saintly book at a departing saintly friend, she is a thoroughly worldly *Becky*. The Regency silhouettes are charming, including the bonnets, which should tease the present-day milliners' fancies. There is a ball scene that is a blaze of color, and makes a gal wish she could have lived in times like those. Frances Dee is lovely to see, Alan Mowbray is excellent in his part, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke gives a splendid portrayal. Remember when you see *Becky Sharp* that you're seeing only the first of a new cycle in motion picture history, and judge accordingly. (RKO-Radio)

• • • • • **Love Me Forever** gives us Grace Moore—the girl who can take her kings or leave them—and is a picture that you *must* see . . . and hear. Her voice is glorious, and what is more, she is exquisitely beautiful. Leo Carrillo gives a grand performance as a gambler who falls in love with her, and builds for her sake an elaborate night-club devoted to operatic entertainment, and from there lifts her into the Metropolitan Opera. Luis Alberni gives a good portrayal as Carrillo's henchman, and Michael Bartlett, making his first screen appearance, outshines even Miss Moore in his rendition of "La
[Continued on page 88]



Miriam Hopkins and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are the merciless gossips of *Becky Sharp*, the picture that brings color to the screen with exquisite results



Henry Fonda will capture your heart in *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, with lovely Janet Gaynor as the maiden in the case

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

Garbo

For ten years, she has been in Hollywood—and the magic spell she has cast over moviegoers is still in force. She still is The Woman That Most Women Dream of Being—beautiful, individual, elusive, courageous. And now, in "Anna Karenina," she becomes newly romantic. She has changed her long bob for a coiffure of the 1870's, when women dramatized femininity, not sophistication. And on her return from Sweden, she may do—"Camille"

Portrait by C. S. Bull



THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

New Child Wonder

Jane Withers is the name—and she is a natural. She proved it first as the child villainess of "Bright Eyes," in which she almost stole top honors. Now she is a sensation—and a star—in "Ginger." Like Shirley Temple, she will lead children back to the theatres, bringing their parents with them!



Sh—Sh—Shirley!

Speaking of naturalness, Shirley Temple has not lost hers. Totally unspoiled, she still looks upon acting as a game. And, to prove it, we present a preview portrait from her new musical picture, "Curly Top"—showing her as an orphan, with a four-footed orphan of a storm

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



Two Hearts in Gay Time

Dancing has done plenty for Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire—but they have done even more for dancing, making it gay and lively and romantic again. In "Top Hat," they have music by Irving Berlin, an amusing story, and the dancing time of their lives



THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

P.S.—They Also Sing and Dance

Are you Robert Taylor-conscious? If you are, you know a rising romantic star when you see one. And in "Broadway Melody of 1936," you will acquire the suspicion that the boy is versatile, too. For with coy June Knight as the girl who keeps him guessing, he not only whispers sweet nothings into her half-concealed ear. He joins her in duets and in dances



—Portrait by C. S. Bull

An Annapolis Prom Girl Now

Now that she has the West Point situation well in hand, after "Flirtation Walk," Ruby Keeler is prepared for a naval engagement. At least, Dick Powell is a naval cadet in the new musical, "Dress Parade," and they should be dancing toward the altar at the finale!



—Portrait by Fryer

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

...And Their Dreams Come True

Love, they say, is the same old story the world over—but Hollywood is constantly finding new ways to tell it. For example, it has rediscovered "Peter Ibbetson," and a different kind of romance is on your autumn menu—with Ann Harding and Gary Cooper as co-stars in the fantasy of two long-parted lovers who find a way of making a romantic dream of reunion come true



—Portrait by Richee



—Portrait by Autrey

Chaplin's Silent Partner

Pert Paulette Goddard was once one of the chorus in an Eddie Cantor musical. Maybe you overlooked her then. But you won't miss her in Charlie Chaplin's long-awaited, just-completed comedy about the machine age. She is *The Silent One's* leading lady. And he is planning to star her in a picture (a talkie, no less) that he will direct!



—Photo by Rhodes, MOVIE CLASSIC Photographer
Artist Willy Pogany tells Binnie Barnes she is an unusual type—brown-eyed and bright-haired

Chart Your Charm!

By GERTRUDE HILL

YOU are about to become more charming than you ever were before, even in your best moments! Earnest young men in Hollywood, doing all sorts of miraculous things with lenses, color combinations, and lights are preparing to open a new world for you. It will be a world of living, pulsing color, where all the loveliness of your screen favorites will be seen, and where you will discover the delightful possibilities of color for your own adornment.

The stars themselves are preparing for color films by taking a new interest in the tint of their eyes, their skin,

and their hair. They are feverishly swirling rainbow silks and satins about themselves, trying to find *the* colors that will give them That Certain Desirable Something.

In the midst of all this exciting flutter stands Willy Pogany, genius of color. Pogany is that extraordinary artist, illustrator and scene designer, whose canvases breathe with reality, and whose settings for *Wonder Bar*, *Dante's Inferno*, and dozens of other films open new vistas of splendor and imagination. And from this color master I sought the secrets of color alchemy, so that all girls could blossom with the beauty he gives the stars.



Are you a Katharine Hepburn titian? You have few worries!



Or are you as fair as Bette Davis? Warm colors can do things for you!



Or are you dark like Dolores Del Rio? Green is one of your aids!

A famous artist—Willy Pogany—tells you what colors will enhance your beauty!

“Color can do more than any other single thing to make you charming,” declares this confidential adviser to the most beautiful women in the world. “Color in films will give every girl and woman increased color consciousness, and they will rely even more upon the stars for charm, beauty and allure.

“How can all this come about? I’ll tell you exactly what I tell every star whose portrait I paint, whose color problems I help solve. No matter what kind of hair, eye, or skin tones you have, there is a color that will make you more attractive. If you are drab, color can make you enchanting. If you are pretty, color can give you breath-taking charm. I have prepared a chart, suggesting the best colors to be worn by girls of all complexions to get certain definite effects. Would you like to share it with the stars?”

Who wouldn’t like to have a world-famous artist tell them just what color to wear to make them appear their loveliest! And at the bottom of this page, you will find Willy Pogany’s color chart, cut it out—keep it to consult when you go shopping, when you want to dress in harmony with your moods.

● “First of all, remember this—you are the most important part of your costume or your setting,” counsels Mr. Pogany. “Since all the colors that surround you must add to your beauty, it is essential to study your own coloring

most carefully. Look into your mirror. What are you? Blonde? Brunette? Medium? Your answer will come quickly. There is no doubt, you say, that you are this or that. But, are you sure?

“Let us see. What is the color of your skin? It may be white, like a gardenia petal. It may be pink-and-white, like apple blossoms. It may have a pinkish hue. It may be creamy. It may be golden, like the tawny side of a ripe apricot or peach. It may be olive, with green tones underlying it. All dark skins are not olive, although they are commonly called so. Most sallow skins are merely olive complexions that have the wrong colors against them.

“I put so much stress on the skin because it has much more to do with your bloneness or darkness than your hair has,” Pogany says. “Your skin is the most important color index you have. Next come your eyes. If you have blue eyes with dark hair, like Jean Parker and Maureen O’Sullivan, you are not a brunette. If your eyes are hazel, like Joan Blondell’s, consider them brown when you apply your make-up and choose your gowns.

“After your skin and your eyes, regard your hair. If it is dark, and you have fair skin and light eyes, you are artistically correct if you wish to lighten your hair, as Ann Sothern and Alice Faye have done. If your hair is drab, you are justified in brightening it.

“Are you still so positive of [Continued on page 58]

| HOW TO USE COLORS TO VARY YOUR CHARM | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------|--|--|--|-------------------------------|
| COLORING OF HAIR AND SKIN | SWEET | DEMURE | SEVERE | ELEGANT | STRIKING |
| | <i>Light Contrast</i> | <i>Pale Harmonizing Shades</i> | <i>Dark Harmonizing Shades</i> | <i>Rich Harmonizing Shades</i> | <i>Vivid Contrast</i> |
| BLONDE HAIR | | | | | |
| White Skin | Ivory | Yellow | Darker Shades of Cream and Brown also Black | Black | Emerald |
| Pink and White | Salmon Pink | Beige | | Russet | Powder Blue |
| Creamy Skin | Lavender | Fawn | | Brown | Turquoise |
| Pink Skin | Pale Green | Light Blue | | Brown | Green |
| Golden Skin | Powder Blue | Cobalt Blue | | Wine | Violet |
| BROWN HAIR | | | | | |
| White Skin | Creamy Hues | Tan, | Darker Shades of Tan and Brown | Olive Green | Orange |
| Creamy Skin | Nile Green | Beiges | | Henna | Leaf Green |
| Pink Skin | French Blue | and | | Olive Green | Sapphire |
| Golden Skin | Strawberry | Light | | Amber | Burgundy |
| Olive Skin | Fawn | Browns | | Deep Russet | Burnt Sienna and Turquoise |
| BLACK HAIR | | | | | |
| White Skin | Pearl Gray | Creamy Whites and Grays | Navy Blue, | Gray | Vermilion |
| Creamy Skin | Lavender | | Oxford | Purple | Fuchsia |
| Pink Skin | Pale Green | | Gray and | Wine | Emerald |
| Golden Skin | All Greens | | Black | Brown, Black | Scarlet |
| Olive Skin | Peach | | | Deep Violet | Ultramarine and Orange |
| RED HAIR | | | | | |
| White Skin | Ivory | Dove | Black | Deep Blue, | Black, White, |
| Pink and White | Ivory | Grays | | Grays | Gold, Green, |
| Creamy Skin | Apple Green | and | | and | Almost |
| Golden Skin | Misty Gray | Browns | | Black | Anything |

Why JANET GAYNOR Is So Popular



Janet Gaynor today is sitting very prettily on top of the movie world—Feminine Favorite No. 1 by actual box-office count. And all the glory hasn't changed her a bit. She hasn't lost a single friend, while making millions of new ones. Friends matter to Janet!

In *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, the rousing romantic comedy drama of early Erie Canal days, Janet Gaynor is popular with such opposites as Henry Fonda and Charles Bickford. And in real life she is just as popular with people who are total opposites. Moreover, there are reasons!



She is Feminine Favorite No. 1—and her secret of popularity can be yours!

BY LOUISE LEWIS

MANY WOMEN know how to dazzle and shine. Some know how to rule nations, how to be men's equals in any career they undertake. But Janet Gaynor knows what so many never learn—how to be a *friend*.

That is the way she has conquered an entire world. Not with banners flying—sensational headlines—champagne splendor. Oh, no! She has done it quietly and simply. She has done it by being a folksy little person, the sort who would stand by you through thick and thin, laugh with you, cry with you—yes, and fight for you. And *that* is the secret of the overwhelming Gaynor popularity.

"It isn't the glory-seekers and the self-seekers who have the fun," she believes. "It's the people who can get—and give—joy in plain, everyday living! That's the biggest lesson Hollywood teaches you. You soon learn how senseless it is to put artificial values on things, to strain after something that has no meaning. For instance, in my own case, I was told I should 'live up to my position!' And I tried. Honestly I did," she chuckles softly. "I rented a big place with the regulation swimming pool and tennis court, and I attended some of those enormous parties that are so elaborately done. But nobody had a very good time; it was too crowded. And suddenly I realized that it isn't the big things, the pomp and ceremony, that matter. It's the *little things*."

● AND Janet has built her stairway to success on little things—the kind that you and I and the folks next door love for their sweetness and homeliness. She isn't an exotic wonder. She isn't a glitter-girl. But it is an odd fact that the Gaynors of the world, with their simplicity and just-glad-to-be-aliveness, have a special brand of

glamor that outlasts every other variety. She has proved it with a hundred million people. After nine years of stardom, she still is on top. But even before she was famous, there was that "something" about her. You would catch people smiling involuntarily at Janet on the street, as if she had evoked some happy thought. She, you see, knows how to speak the language of humanity. And she has never learned to speak another.

There is a reason for that, of course—a reason why Janet, in the midst of Hollywood's sophisticated hurly-burly, has been left untouched by it. The answer, I think, goes back to a certain period of her life when she was a little bundle-wrapper in a San Francisco department store. Bundle-wrappers get a pretty good insight into human nature from their vantage point. Janet saw how quickly arrogance can freeze a person and how genial kindness can warm the heart.

One afternoon a towering dowager came in. Janet heard what she said to the clerk, watched her haughty intolerance leave the other girl white and bitter-eyed. Finally, the woman called the manager and ordered the girl discharged. It was then that the little redheaded bundle-wrapper turned into an avenging fury. She had them all listening. And when she finished, the dowager was gasping. But she managed a half-apology before she stalked off. "I never want to be like that, as if the world owed me a couple of diamond crowns for getting myself born!" Janet told herself fiercely. "I want to be 'just folks,' no matter what happens!"

And she has kept her word!

● THERE was charming proof of that when she was in Paris last summer. Lollie, as her family call her, was at her favorite stunt—browsing among the old book-stalls on the left bank of the Seine. An American sailor was browsing, too—or making a pretense at it. You can't browse very well when [Continued on page 84]

The NELSON EDDY Women Want to Know

You don't know anything about the nation's newest film rave until you read this story . . . which reveals, among other things, the kind of girl he hopes to marry

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

NELSON EDDY is a man's man . . . and a woman's hero. In apology for the latter, he puts the blame on the heroic, gallant, singing fellow, *Captain Richard Warrington*, that he played in Metro's smash hit, *Naughty Marietta*, which has taken the country's imagination by storm—and song.

Shy and lonely (by his own confession), the newest matinee idol lays the blame for his sudden film success—after waiting two long Hollywood years, playing vocal bits in *Dancing Lady* and *Student Tour*—to the romantic appeal of *Warrington* and not to his

own personable qualities, his fine smile, even teeth, thick tawny hair, tall, vigorous body.

Eddy has had enough experience with success (concert, radio and opera) to know that most of his feminine followers fall in love with the il-

lusion he creates and not with the man. The man is single, handsome, hard-working, a self-made success. Usually, he has a hard time convincing these fearless stage-door Jills who pursue and confront him with their passion, that it's not Nelson, but illusion they love. Sane, sensible, almost phlegmatic, he takes time out to reason with them.

With Jeanette MacDonald, his co-star in *Naughty Marietta* (above), he will soon film another operetta

● ON MY desk is a written request from Eddy asking that certain Hollywood names (of right pretty girls, too) be omitted from this story. "They may not be keen about my using their names," says the heedful Mr. Eddy. And, further, "Anything written about me on the girl angle is purely synthetic to date. If you must do it, then you must, but I don't think it right to bring these names into it."

So there you have, word for honest word, Nelson Eddy's feelings about the woman question.

He is not indifferent to women, but he knows just the type of woman he wants to marry. She must be cultured, witty, amiable, equipped with her share of beauty—and she need not know how to cook, sew, knit, mend. She must, above all, be "sweet." And then we have a late amendment, also from the Eddy message on my desk: "Please make no point of social or business distinction—merely say that the hypothetical 'she' must be a live wire."

Before you file your application, however, please consider this. Eddy had fourteen letter proposals in one Philadelphia day following a pronouncement regarding his feminine ideal. And not one got to first base. He likes to do his own choosing. And don't think that he is an unmitigated so-and-so, because women besiege



Recent concert audiences stomped and clapped for him to sing the marching song from *Naughty Marietta* again

To sum up the characteristics of Eddy, the man, for the fifteen hundred correspondents (mostly women) who weekly deluge Metro's fan mail

him. They do the same to Gable, Boyer, and probably did to Booth and Salvini. There is something about the *genus actor*, blond or brunette, that lures the ladies.

And Eddy is not entirely immune. Listen to this:

● "I MET my ideal girl when I was on tour this winter," said the big, broad-shouldered singer, a symphony (or maybe an oratorio) in brown with tan shirt, autumnal tie. "There she was—beautiful, cultured, witty. I said to myself, 'Well, this looks like it's it,' and to her I said, 'Will you dine with me?'"

"We dined, danced, went to the theatre. She had everything, but between us that little flame, that chemical affinity or whatever you want to call it, never was fanned to life. You can't fall in love without it. It gives zest and meaning and sweetness to any association of a man and a woman. I waited for it. But it never arrived. So there she is, still my 'ideal'—at least she has all the qualities that I admire in a woman—and here I am."

"Here," to Mr. Eddy, means Hollywood, some thousands of miles west of his birthplace, Providence, Rhode Island; some thousands of miles west of Philadelphia (Jeanette MacDonald's home-town), where he lived for fifteen years. ("If I had two theatre tickets, ten dollars to spend, and a bunch of roses in my hand, I wouldn't know a girl in Philadelphia whom I could ask to share them with me," he says regarding his Quaker City romantic associations. He worked too hard in his youth to fill his little red book with the *femmes'* phone numbers.)

"Here," to those of us who have watched his career, is away up on the matinee-idol success ladder, giving Clark Gable, Charles Boyer, Gary Cooper and the other lureful lads a run for their popularity. It's probably Eddy's abundant vitality that does it, plus the robust baritone voice that has been wowing concert listeners for the past several years. Anyway, it's bringing in the fan mail.

● "I THOUGHT thirty or forty letters a week was tops just a few months ago," said Eddy, glad to be talking of anything besides romantic attachments. "Yesterday I employed a secretary here to care for my fan mail. And I have one in the East. I also put a lawyer on a retainer to handle my affairs. My head got to aching with all the things that I had to attend to, now that *Naughty Marietta* has clicked and *Captain Richard Warrington* has made an impression



Hurrell —

He has a hard time convincing the girls that they are more interested in *Captain Warrington* than in Nelson Eddy. But he keeps trying. And then he adds, "I go out every other night, and still I am lonely"

on the crowd," he added smiling.

What he would rather talk about, instead of women and love (although he gives due homage to each), is his next year's concert tour. From the middle of January to the end of April, 1936, you will find him singing lustily, in person, up and down these broad United States. And the price for this tour has skyrocketed exactly 250 percent over last year's because of his film popularity!

Shrewd businessman-artist that he is (he was advertising man, reporter, copy-reader, shipping department employee before he ever sang opera), he knows, from this season's experience, that his next year's concert audience is going to be swelled by filmgoers who think that he is a Hollywood actor making a personal appearance. All of these people are not going to appreciate the melodious Mr. Eddy's in-

terpretation of selections from Italian opera, nor will they care a hoot when he launches into Wagner and German *lieder*.

● "NEVERTHELESS," says Eddy, determined that his artistic career shall not escape him, "I am going right on singing my classical scores, and I'll give the numbers popularized on the screen as encores. Toward the end of his year's season, I noticed that the audience was composed of more film fans than usual. I got this from them..." and the baritone clapped his hands and stomped his feet, rhythmically, to signify a demand for the marching song of his recent film operetta.

Next season's tour promises to be an interesting experiment. But in view of [Continued on page 68]

Be a One-of-a-Kind Girl!

"BE A one-of-a-kind girl!"

BY MARY WATKINS REEVE

That advice, coming from one of the most fascinating of all movie stars, Miriam Hopkins, means advice from one who knows! She's a modern Cinderella, a beautiful girl whom men adore, a fine star, and the one chosen to play the leading rôle in the first all-color picture ever made, *Becky Sharp*. Yes, help from this girl should be of the utmost value!

Haven't you often thought: "If I only knew just *some* of the secrets a Miriam Hopkins would know about feminine *savoir-faire*, I could have managed to be more of a hit at the dance last Saturday night."

You're not by yourself. I've wanted to know those secrets too. I got my chance when summer and Miss Hopkins both landed in Manhattan at the same time. Miriam was gayer than I had ever seen her.

We sat at luncheon on the terrace of her house in exclusive Sutton Place. The food was perfect, the East River inexcusably blue and

Thus Miriam Hopkins counsels every girl who wants a career, an individual personality, charm ... not to mention romance!

yacht-dotted, and the afternoon lazy. Later, my hostess was to don a severe black and white *tailleur*, issue the remainder of the day's orders to the servants, crisply attend to some last-minute matters by telephone, and start for the races on Long Island. Very much the movie star. But now, sitting opposite me in the sunshine, she yawned like a sleepy kitten, tucked her feet under her in a wicker chaise longue, and talked intimately, in the Georgia drawl that she has been trying to squelch for years. She

wore a perfectly frivolous pair of white satin pajamas, her feet in pert white mules, a mass of taffy-colored waves for a coiffure. Her eyes were a vivid blue. In their depths were reflected beauty, intellect, and individuality. I wondered, watching, how much of that loveliness she had had at sixteen, when she had first come to New York as a chorus girl.

WHAT secrets had she learned and practiced to change her into the superbly poised Miriam Hopkins of today? How much easier would her struggle for success have been if she had known then what she knows now?

But you don't ask people questions like that. You ask something simpler. So I said, "Miriam, suppose you had a sister in her teens. What things would you tell her out of your own experience about personality, charm, appearance and romance? I mean your own little secrets, things you've discovered for yourself."

"I'd begin with appearance. Because the most important thing I've discovered, and one of the lessons that it took me longest to learn, was simply this: *It's never your obvious charms that make you beautiful. It's the little, less obvious ones!*

"Really, I mean just that. You know how you're inclined to be when you're first beginning to go out. You think loveliness is mainly composed of chiffon stockings, and the best-looking clothes you can possibly afford. You have more interest in fashion books and bargain racks than almost anything else. And that's all very well, for clothes are a big item. But they're not the biggest. Neither is the perfection of your hair or figure or make-up. Practically anyone can achieve those.

"But almost everyone neglects some part of that biggest item of all. I call it *little things*. Have you ever seen a gorgeous evening gown on slouched shoulders? Or cracked nail polish on the same finger with a diamond? Or a girl whose hair in front had been fashioned into a stunning, just-so frame for her face, and in back was simply—well, plain hair? Then you know what I mean. Just such slight things as those can take all the glamor away from any girl.

"I'd teach my younger sister that lesson first of all. I'd harp on the sins of scrubby heels and elbows when she's [Continued on page 76]

Says Miriam Hopkins: "I've discovered that the smartest thing any girl can do is not to be a 'type' "

Recently star of *Becky Sharp*, she now is making *Barbary Coast*

My Friend, MARION DAVIES

Anyone who knows her idolizes her.
Now, at last, you can discover why!

BY EILEEN PERCY

IT'S NOT easy to tell people about Marion Davies. You come up against the same kind of resistance as when you tell a fairy tale to a child who has just stopped believing in fairy tales. "It's ridiculous," they say. "It's nonsense. As you describe her, she's Santa Claus. She's an angel. She's too good to be true." All right, then, she's Santa Claus, she's an angel, she's too good to be true. "But thank God," we cry—we who know her and hundreds whose friend she is, though they have never met her—"thank God," we cry from the bottom of our hearts, "she is true."

I have known her since we were children at school together. We weren't intimates then. I was just another girl to her, as she was to me, though even in those days Marion could hardly be "just another girl" to anyone. She was too lovely. Her eyes were bluer than any blue eyes I've ever seen, and though she wore her golden hair in braids, and though her perfect skin—rose glowing through white—was powdered with freckles, she still looked so much like a princess out of a storybook as to set her apart from the rest. Another thing that threw a halo around her for me—a stage-struck youngster—was the fact that her sister Reine was a headliner in the theatre. I used to steal awed glances at her over the top of my book, and wonder what it felt like to have a sister on the stage.

to laugh now. We were so young then that we didn't need much excuse. One of our greatest jokes was making dates that we knew we couldn't keep. Neither of us was allowed to go out to parties. But whenever we received a bid, we would open our eyes wide in delight and say, "Oh, thank you, we'd love to come," knowing all the time that we hadn't a chance in the world of actually going. "We're not lying, though," we would assure each other solemnly, "because we would love to go," and I think in our hearts we always had a sneaking

hope that somehow we might be able to manage it. But we never did. So we would comfort ourselves by going home to Marion's, where we would dress up in some of Reine's finery and parade around, pretending to be at the party, telling each other: "You look charming tonight, Miss Davies" and "May I have the pleasure of kissing your hand, Miss Percy?"

We grew up a little and presently found ourselves together again in *Oh, Boy*. Marion sang a song, I remember, called *Ribbon and a Little Bit of Lace*, and we both did a specialty number, *The Magazine Cover Girl*, with Joe Santley, in which Marion was the Summer and I was the Winter Cover. She was winning attention then as a beauty and a dancer, and I was having my own share of good luck. It was during the run of that show that Douglas Fairbanks signed me to go to Hollywood. Marion went out to the Coast not long afterward.

The ups and downs of my own story have no place here, but what my life would have been like without her friendship, I should hate to imagine. Being human, I suppose she must have her flaws, though through all my years of association with her, I have never been able to discover them. I know that, in saying these things, I lay myself open to the charge of prejudice. "Of course, you're her friend—you [Continued on page 62]

Marion Davies not only looks—but is—"like a princess out of a storybook." She has just completed *Page Miss Glory*, and may next film Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, directed by Max Reinhardt

● SCHOOL ended, our ways parted, and I landed a job in a revue called *Stop, Look, and Listen*. There I met Marion again, a member of the show—so gay, so kind, so open-hearted that all my awe melted and from that day to this we have been fast friends.

She loved to laugh in those days as, given the least excuse, she loves

Portrait by
Manatt



BY
IDA ZEITLIN



He likes geography—
but prefers history . . .



His knees are skinned
from bicycle-riding . . .



He and Fritzie go
swimming together . . .

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW'S BUSY DAY

YOU SAW Freddie Bartholomew play *David Copperfield*, and loved him. He won you so completely within an hour that, when the small figure faded out of the screen to make way for the grownup *David*, you felt an irrational impulse to fling out your arms and cry: "Stay, stay!"

Since then you have been hearing and reading stories about him, all indicating that his off-screen appeal is equally potent, that he mows down hearts as a bowler mows down ten-pins, though with far less effort—more accurately, without any effort at all, since the essence of his charm lies, as you may have guessed, in its utter lack of self-consciousness.

Let me invite you to an interview with Freddie—let me invite you to watch him, listen to him, laugh with him—and if you don't fall with a thud like the rest of us ten-pins, let me assure you that the fault will be none of his, but entirely that of his inadequate Boswell.

He's sitting more or less swallowed up in the depths of a large armchair, his legs stuck out straight in front of

him, his socks revealing one sound knee and one that is pretty thoroughly battered. His hazel eyes under the wide forehead and mop of curly dark hair are momentarily serious, and he is twiddling a keycase by one key, held between fingers which are in the state normal to a boy who has had a busy day. His left hand is bandaged. Opposite him sits his beloved Cis—otherwise, Miss Myllicent Bartholomew, the aunt with whom he has lived since he was three—a wise and merry lady, between whom and Freddie there exists the easy understanding of perfect good-fellowship—rare enough between grown-ups, rarer still between a child and an adult.

● HAVING considered the question I put to him, Freddie plunges unhesitatingly into his story. He talks with the readiness of the well-bred youngster, who has been neither squelched to timidity nor coddled to self-importance. And if his vocabulary startles you now and then, it's the result of no unchildlike precocity, but only of an eager intelligence, a background of culture, and an early absorption in books which, at the age of five, included those of both Dick-

ens and Shakespeare. (Everyone knows about *their* command of the English language.)

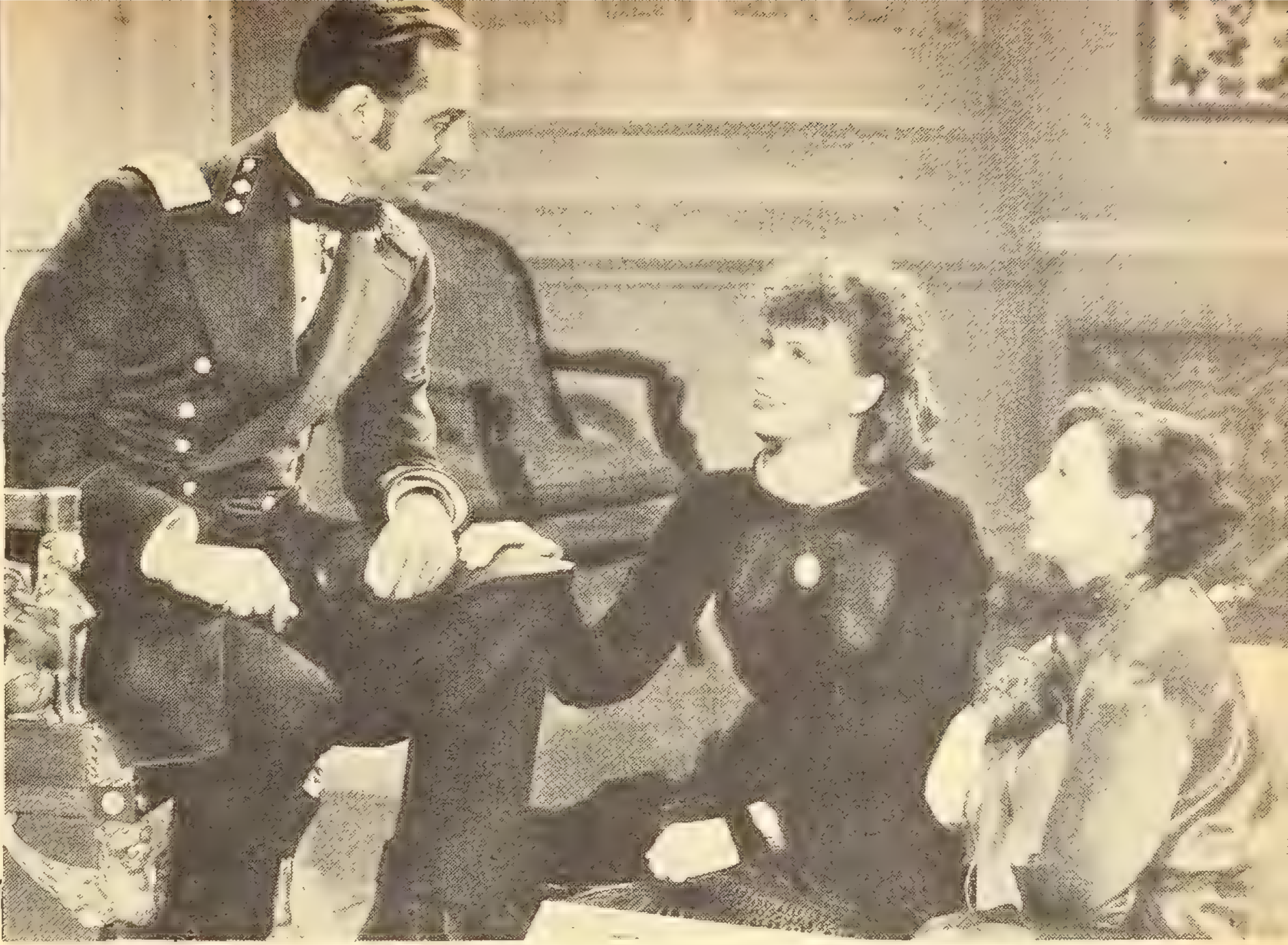
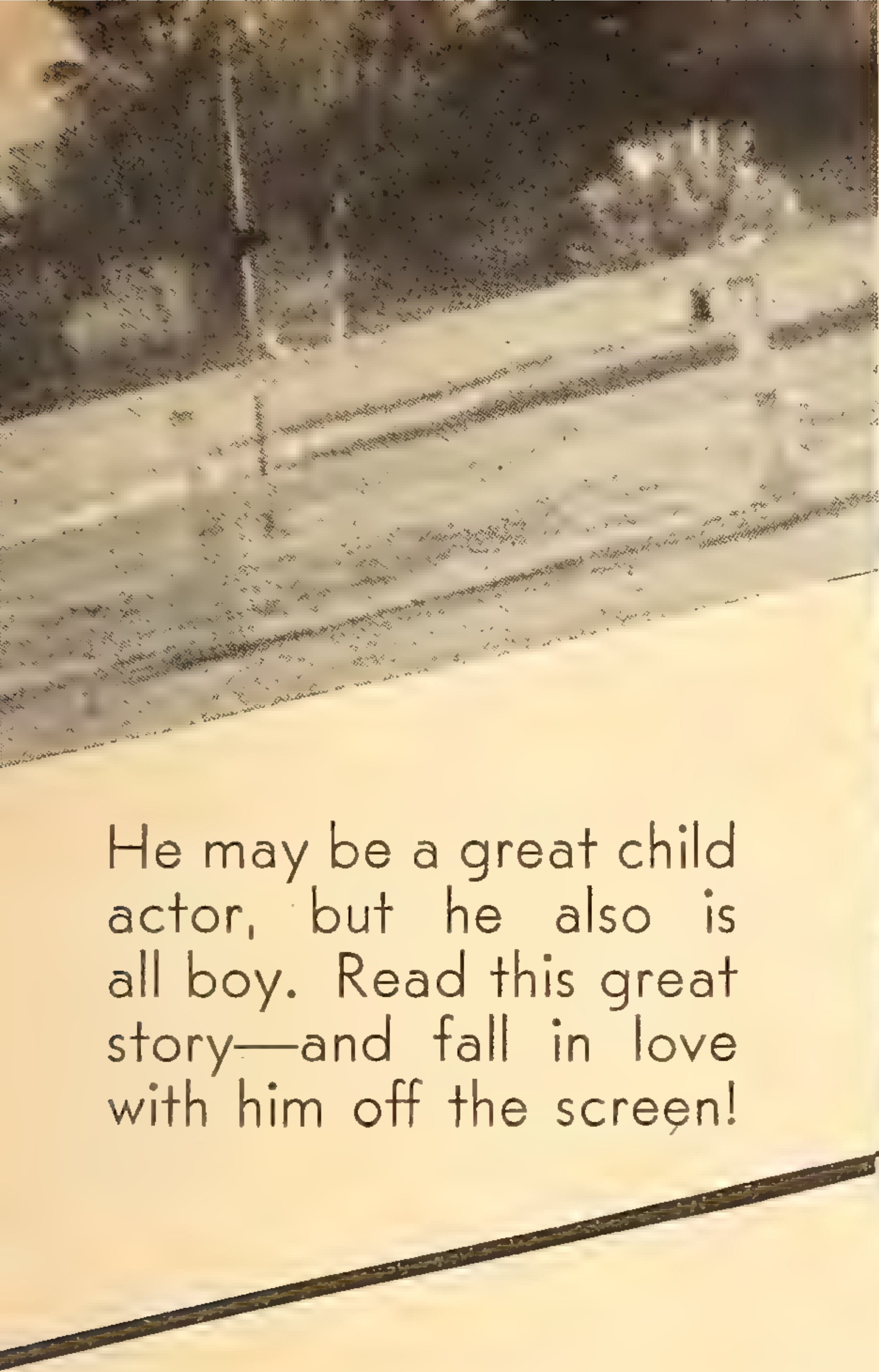
"Well," he begins, "I get up first of all. The alarm clock wakens me and I get up—which isn't easy. I love to *be* up—I love to be all up and dressed and doing things, yet the part I hate is *getting* up, d'you see what I mean?"

"Perfectly," murmurs Aunt Cis. "It's a family failing."

"Is it?" inquires Freddie with interest. "Well, *you've* certainly taken it on," and is mildly astonished to note that he has brought down the house.

"I get up," he resumes, "and put the kettle on, and get everything ready by myself, and I make the tea and bring it in to Cissy on a little tray, and I pour her out several cups and she drinks it. Then I go in and turn on my shower, and then I get under the shower, and then when that's done, I dry myself and get dressed and then I have breakfast." All this emerges on a single breath, and he pauses only long enough to draw another.

"For breakfast I just generally grab anything that's made. I like, first, cereal and then I take some fruit or anything that's handy, and—oh, yes—I love—sandwiches. And after breakfast, we have to dash to



He may be a great child actor, but he also is all boy. Read this great story—and fall in love with him off the screen!

Basil Rathbone, Freddie's cruel stepfather in *David Copperfield*, is his kind father now in *Anna Karenina*—and Greta Garbo plays Freddie's mother

get to the studio, and then if we arrive on time, which we very seldom do—a guilty glance passes at this point between nephew and aunt—"I like to go to the dressing-room and help Cissy out with her attaché case."

"Fan mail," she explains, "which I couldn't possibly manage without him."

Freddie regards her with a thoughtful eye. "You wouldn't kid me, would you, Aunt Cis?" he demands. And the effect of that borrowed Americanism on Freddie's English lips is something you would have to hear to appreciate!

"Then I toddle off to school, and I think Miss Murphy, my tutor"—to whom he defers with a little inclination of the head—"can relate the next part of it."

• IN "RELATING the next part of it," Miss Murphy touches on the fact that, while the school day of most studio children is limited to three

hours, Freddie's stretches to five, because of the necessity of meeting both British and American requirements.

"That's odd," he observes. "Then I really work two hours overtime." A sudden thought strikes him. "What's more," he informs his aunt, "I don't get [*Continued on page 82*]

He snaps his aunt, "Cis," and his tutor, Miss Murphy . . .

When he goes partying, he goes with Cora Sue Collins . . .

Freddie and Mickey Rooney watch his turtle "run" . . .



First Crossing



Have you dreamed of going abroad, of seeing faraway, romantic places? You can make the dream come true—just as the two courageous girls in this story did!

BY HARRIET KAHM

I FIRST began to collect steamship folders when I was a senior in high school, and planned one trip after another elaborately, right down to the last detail. I eagerly absorbed every travel book I could find. I gave my long-suffering family involved lectures on the beauties of the Riviera and which part of a ship vibrates the least on an ocean crossing. I even went so unspeakably far as to quarrel with steamship agencies about the relative advantages and disadvantages of various cabins (they, of course, little dreaming that I was no more a prospective passenger than an Arctic whale).

I had never been more than fifty miles away from my home town.

No one in my family had ever been in Europe (excepting those ancestors who had originally come from there). None of us had ever traveled at all. Travel costs money.

When I was graduated from high school, I took a business course for a year and became a stenographer. I was nineteen, and when I dreamed of romance it was always connected somehow with faraway, intriguing places. The steamship folder mania still had me in its gentle clutches; but down in my heart I realized grimly that my dreams never could come true. My salary was \$23.00 a week. Travel is for the rich, isn't it? But lack of money couldn't stop me from *dreaming*.

● I DISCOVERED that I wasn't the only girl who had sea fever without ever gazing on the sea. Beth Robertson, a girl at the office, and I became intimate chums and I learned that she, too, had been bitten by the deadly travel bug. We spent enchanted hours dreaming ourselves around the world, and exchanging travel information, books, and steamship literature. We made a sort of wistful game of it.

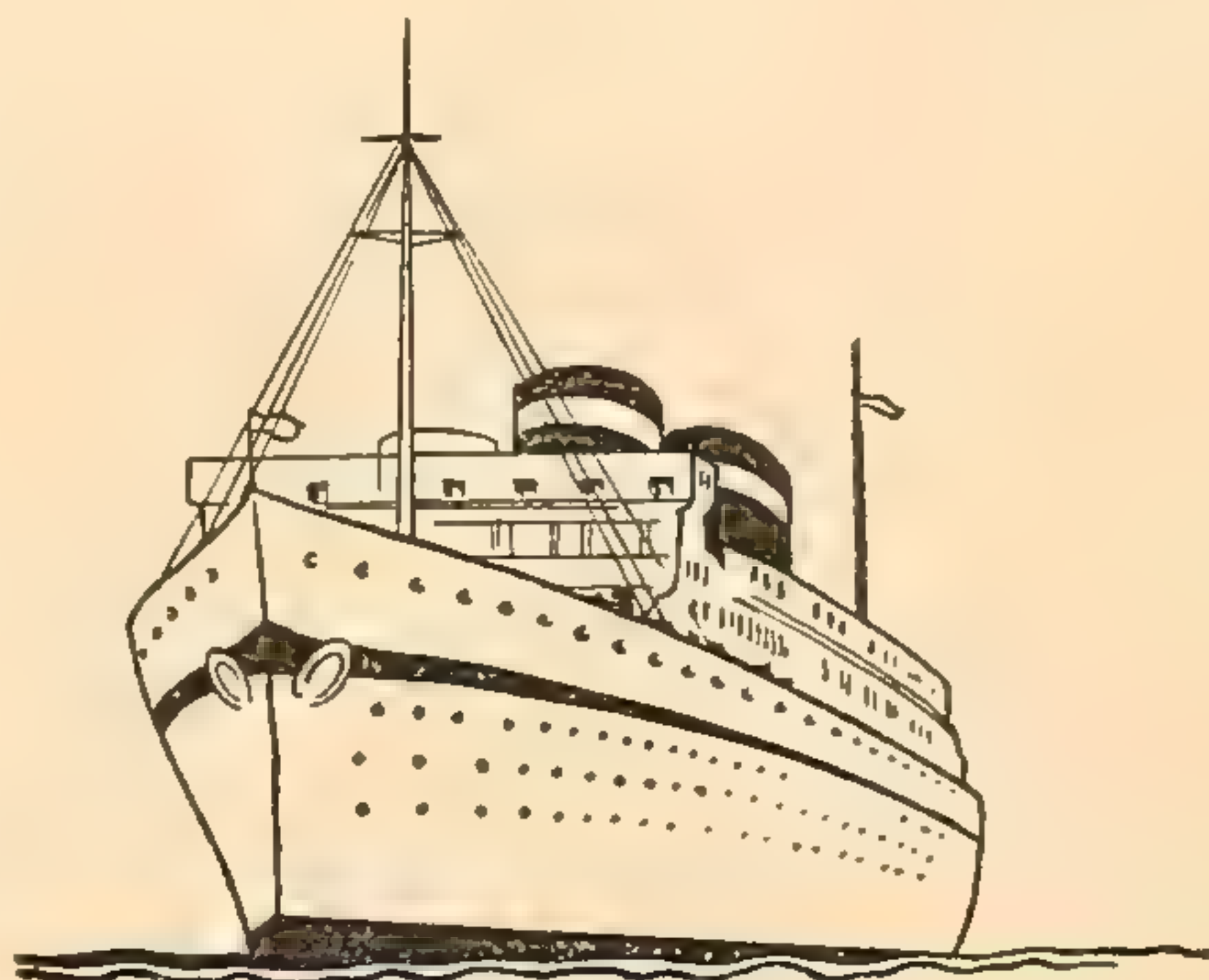
I might have spent all of my life in my home town if it hadn't been for a chance

conversation I overheard in a street car one morning on the way to the office. Two well-dressed young women were sitting on the seat behind me. One of them had evidently just returned from Europe that very morning, and both were talking so excitedly that it was impossible not to overhear them. Said the returned traveler: "Oh, honey, you've got to do it! I had the most marvelous time of my life, and the whole trip didn't cost a cent more than three hundred dollars. I'm going to go back to England for another visit just as soon as I can save up the money, and I want you to come with me. I've got so many millions of things to tell you I don't know where to begin. Did you get my cable from London?" and much more.

I rode four blocks past my street, so absorbed was I in my impolite eavesdropping. It seemed to me as if some unseen, kindly power had purposely arranged matters so that I should be in that particular seat, in that particular street car, at that exact time.

I told Beth what I had heard. "Do you realize that there's nothing to stop us from doing the same thing?" I demanded. "It *can't* cost more than three hundred dollars or so, going third class, and taking one of the slower boats. If we each save three dollars a week out of our salaries for two years, we'll have more than enough!"

That night, in Beth's room, we figured out the details of the cost of a trip abroad, with steamship and other travel literature spread out before us. We found that every spring a certain line offers a round-trip excursion to Europe for \$110.00, third class, including cabin and meals. Long study had convinced us that the modern third class was comfortable to the point of luxury, and eminently respectable. A passport would cost about





"We saw the Latin Quartier, with its narrow, dark, winding streets, and artists everywhere, painting. (From a water color by Harry L. Taskey)

\$11.00, including photographs. Round-trip bus fare from our town to New York, \$12.00. Tips aboard the boat, about \$2.50 each way; total, \$5.00.

● THE excursion permitted a fifteen-day stay in Europe. One's living expenses in Europe need not exceed \$3.00 per day, including meals and a room in a comfortable hotel. That would total \$45.00 for the fifteen days. Then there would be railroad fare from the seaport to Paris (our preferred destination). That would amount to \$10.00 round trip. All of these costs would come to less than \$200.00 and would allow the remaining hundred to be spent for pleasure. Fifty dollars a week for pleasure can buy a lot of pleasure anywhere in the world!

"New York's outline was still etched faintly on the horizon. Behind us was America. Before us, the vast, mysterious reaches of the Atlantic, and beyond — Paris!"



Beth and I were enchanted by our miraculous discovery, though "enchanted" is much too mild a word for it. We were delirious and not at all deterred by the thought of having to wait two years to make our dreams come true. We each started a bank account that very week and began our weekly \$3.00 deposits. Some weeks, at the sacrifice of a few desserts and other little "luxuries," we raised the ante to \$5.00, but this didn't happen often. No one could describe the thrill of watching those bank accounts grow, week by week, month by month. At the end of a year and ten months, each of us had saved \$310.00.

Three hundred and ten dollars! And it was spring!

Of course, no one really took our travel intentions seriously. Twenty-year-old stenographers don't simply pack their things and say, "Good-bye, folks, I'm running over to Europe for a couple of weeks. I'll write you from Paris." My friends were politely incredulous. My parents looked stricken. But the world didn't really stop until I actually received my passport from Washington

and showed it, together with my two-yards-long steamship ticket to my pop-eyed friends of both sexes, and my despairing family.

"But Harriet, you *can't*!" they all wailed.

"Oh, can't I!" replied Harriet. "Well, just watch me!"

It was my job that cost me the deepest pang of regret. I would have to give it up and take my chances of finding another when I returned, and that might not be so easy. But Beth and I agreed that faint heart ne'er won trip to Paris, so we bade our employers a cheery farewell and cashed our last pay checks.

When the bus pulled out of the station, I saw my mother weeping. She was confident that she would never see her darling daughter alive again. The wilds of Europe would claim my slim and helpless carcass, if I

was lucky enough to escape the treachery of the sea. My father looked grim. A certain young party who kissed me goodbye—a trifle gingerly—looked puzzled and defeated, as if life had handed him a lemon when he had had his mouth all set for a nice, juicy orange. The darling boob!

Do you remember that picture, *Monte Carlo*, with its theme song of *Beyond the Blue Horizon*? Well, I wouldn't be surprised if it was that picture that supplied me with the courage and motive power to accomplish my deed of daring. While the bus thundered comfortably toward New York, I kept humming the tune. I, little Harriet, was on my way to Europe! As Hollywood would put it, it was simply colossal, gigantic, and stupendous! It was absolutely and completely one of those things that can't possibly happen, and then does,

to everyone's astonishment...

The tall funnels of our ship loomed skyward over the top of the pier building, and we were in the midst of a deliciously exciting scene. Porters and baggage men scurrying here and there; orders being shouted; uniformed pier officials and sailors everywhere. Departing passengers and their friends. Flowers. Steamer baskets. Smart messenger boys. Electric baggage trucks scurrying, rumbling along the vast wooden floor loaded with ticketed baggage and trunks. A gorgeous nightmare of thrilling pandemonium.

We found ourselves walking up the



gangplank, practically in a trance. A white-jacketed steward showed us to our cunning little cabin on D deck. And it was just about this time that we experienced the only unhappy part of the entire trip. We wanted to stay and

explore our cabin, with its lovely gadgets, and we also wanted to be on all decks at the same time, and on both sides of the ship so as to be sure not to miss anything.

● A DEEP-THROATED blast from the whistle. Frantic goodbyes. Last-minute clicks of cameras. A frantic tumble of visitors down the gangplank. Then a few minutes later another deep sound of the whistle, accompanied by the rattling anchor chains. Then slowly the ship—with Beth and me on it!—began moving away from the pier and into the Hudson River. I closed my eyes for a brief moment in sheer ecstasy. This was what I had dreamed of all my life!

Gradually, the crowd on the pier grew far away and tiny. There was no sound but the steady chug-chug of the tugs nosing our ship toward the harbor, and the warm rushing of the river wind. We floated past New York's skyline silently. If it is possible to suffer with happiness, I was so suffering. A musical bell clinged announcing that luncheon was ready, plunging me into a still deeper agony of indecision. I was starving hungry, yet I didn't want to go below where I would miss an instant of the magic panorama unfolding itself before me. Hunger—and a very nice, friendly chap (really much more attractive than the darling I left at home) prevailed upon me to dine. (There were a number of girls and boys of about our own age on board.)

That luncheon! I wondered if there was anything left for the first class passengers. We simply had everything, and it was delicious, as well as beautifully served. Third class, indeed! And, of course, it was at the table that people began to introduce themselves to each other. The Good-looking Number (who was going to Holland) sat next to me and kept passing me things.

The many-coursed luncheon finished at last, I hurried back up on deck and was delighted to find that New York's outline was still etched faintly on the horizon, but we were out at sea. [Continued on page 60]



W. R. Laity from Nesmith

This vivid photograph portrays the activity of Paris—centuries old, yet utterly modern. The scene is the Rue Scribe, with the Paris Opera on the left and Grand Hotel on the right. Note that traffic is one-way

They All Like IRENE!

Men develop magnificent obsessions about IRENE DUNNE—whose charm is effortless and completely feminine

BY JANE McDONOUGH

GIRLS, gather 'round while I introduce you to one Hollywood charmer whose appeal to men is the kind that every girl secretly longs to have—and it is likely to be permanent. She isn't a devastating blonde, tightly gowned, with a come-hither look in her eye. Her dark hair is as natural as her manners, and she has had neither a spectacular romance nor a single fit of temperament chalked up against her record. When it comes to popularity with the masculine portion of Hollywood, Irene Dunne wins without a struggle.

It is from the men and women who are with a star during her working hours that you may expect a genuine appraisal. She is not on parade then. Indeed, she may be forgiven for showing the least pleasant side of her personality. Nerves grow taut from emotional strain. The blazing lights exact a terrific toll of strength and energy. Courtesy and consideration for others demands a distinct effort. And Irene Dunne always has friendly words for everyone around her, from director to the lowliest scene-shifter. And men have a way, just as women do, of cherishing gestures of thoughtfulness.

Fellow-workers will tell you dozens of stories to illustrate this trait in Irene Dunne. The one I like best concerns an electrician who worked on one of her pictures.

This man has a small daughter who must spend long months of each year in a sanitarium, trying to while away the endless days until seasonal atmospheric changes make it possible for her to return to Mother and Daddy. Miss Dunne happened to overhear the father discussing his little domestic tragedy with a fellow workman, and inquired into it. Now the lonely mite receives frequent notes and carefully selected gifts in an attempt to lessen the weariness of her lot. Of course, any star might duplicate the presents. They represent no great effort. But the personally written letters would be missing in most cases. They are a typically Dunne touch. Nor would anyone know about either letters or gifts, but for the grateful father.

I knew a young chap employed with the studio unit that produced *Cimarron*, Miss Dunne's first screen success. A very sophisticated nineteen, he would, one imagined, admire a more flamboyant type. But he immediately fell victim to the well- [Continued on page 74]

Irene wears a helmet with a jaunty carnation and veil



Exclusive photos by Rhodes



Two new Dunne evening gowns: (above) yellow taffeta, with wing shoulders and a draped skirt; (right) white crêpe ornamented only with a gold belt

GINGER ROGERS— Past, Present and Future



Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, avoiding crowds together, fell in love. (P.S. They still avoid crowds)

BY DONNA SHELDON

GINGER ROGERS has reached the top. After long years of climbing up the theatrical ladder, inch by inch, she has reached the uppermost rung—and now steps out onto the heady heights of stardom. In her new picture, *In Person*, her name—which has been second for a long time—will be first in the theatre lights of Broadway, London, Paris, and all points east and west.

Nine years ago, she stepped out on a stage in Dallas, Texas, as an entrant in a Charleston dance contest—a gangling fifteen-year-old, slight of figure, red of hair, and far from glamorous in appearance. But she had personality and she was a born dancer; she won that contest—and put her foot on the first rung of the ladder. An enthusiastic Dallas newspaper headlined the next morning, "Look Out, Broadway—Here Comes Ginger!"

Three years later, she was on Broadway. She would have been there sooner if she had not wanted to be sure first that she was ready for it. One year later, she was one of the principal reasons for seeing the

For nine years, she has worked toward stardom. Now she is there, and no one on the screen has a brighter or happier-looking future!

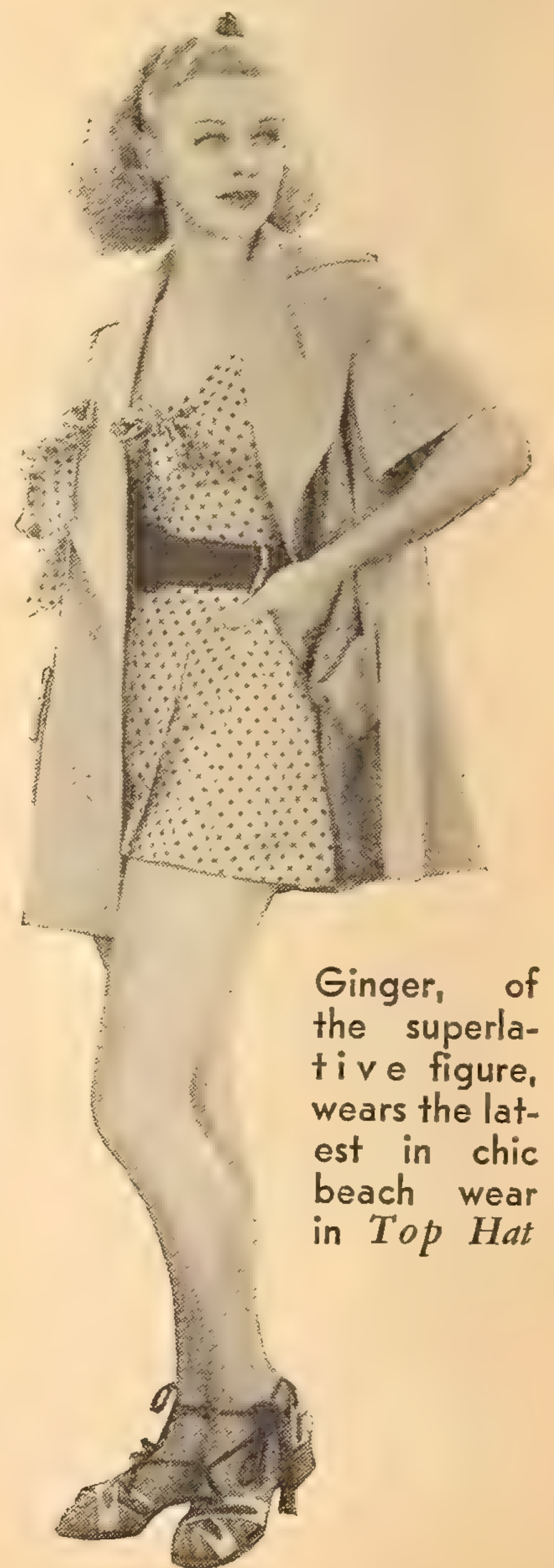


The fashion world is Ginger Rogers-conscious today because so many of her smart gowns are practical for the average girl. For example: this double-faced, reversible wool street frock in *Top Hat*. The hat is of Cellophane straw

Broadway musical hit, *Top Speed*. That same year (1930) she played her first picture rôle—in *Young Man of Manhattan*, featuring Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. She was Claudette's pert rival.

Today, five years and thirty pictures later, she is the pert, first-rank rival not only of Claudette Colbert, but of Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Kay Francis, Katharine Hepburn, and every other top-flight star in Hollywood.

In popularity, few—if any—actresses on the screen out-



Ginger, of the superlative figure, wears the latest in chic beach wear in *Top Hat*



Ginger Rogers wears both of these gowns in *Top Hat* . . . and both were designed by Bernard Newman (right), who predicts a great fashion future for her. The dark gown is marine blue marquisette, worn over matching crêpe. The white frock is of starched chiffon, with skirt and bodice showered with silver paillettes. With it she wears three underslips



rank her. In beauty and glamor, she has few equals. Critics applaud her talents as actress, dancer, singer. Connoisseurs, such as columnist O. O. McIntyre, call hers the loveliest figure in filmland. Bernard Newman, Hollywood stylist, predicts that she is the future "best-dressed star" of the screen.

● SHE and Fred Astaire, who have just completed their fourth picture, *Top Hat*, are the most phenomenally popular costarring combination since Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell were a romantic duo. The Rogers-Astaire appeal is far different from the erstwhile Gaynor-Farrell appeal, but the public is just as insistent that they continue to appear together. And so they will. (*Follow the Fleet* is on the fall program for them.) But, meanwhile, producers are out to prove that they know what

the public has suspected for three years—namely, that Ginger is a grand little actress, not restricted to musical comedy. So she is doing *In Person*, and RKO-Radio is shopping for other dramatic stories for her.

However, something even more important than stardom has happened to Ginger. Fame and fortune are rich prizes, but what would they mean without happiness? And Ginger has found that in her marriage to Lew Ayres, whom she met, ironically enough, when she played opposite him in *Don't Bet on Love*.

Their first date was on the night of March 10, 1932, the night that an earthquake laid Long Beach in ruins and shook Hollywood to its foundations. Ginger smiles today, "That wasn't an earthquake. It was Lew and I falling in love, only we didn't know it at the time!"

They did not believe in love at first sight. They both had been

through the disillusionment of unhappy first marriages, and both were on guard against any sudden heart entanglements. They became—just pals. Ginger in slacks and Lew in cords and an old sweater went out at night on long walks. They sat home and read serious books to each other. They did not go to the bright-light spots to parade their companionship for whatever publicity there might be in it. Instead, they picked up hot dogs or hamburgers at some roadside stand, unrecognized by fellow diners.

Then Ginger went off to New York on vacation and they discovered a fact that they had subconsciously been dodging for months—they were in love, and life apart was not worth the living. Ginger rushed back to Hollywood [Continued on page 66]

You Wear They Tell

Walter Plunkett created the gowns for *Little Women*—and you copied them in modern versions

A handful of men in Hollywood . . . clever fashion designers . . . make up your mind about "what to wear"!

ADRIAN put a pillbox hat on Garbo, and the whole world of women started wearing similar hats!

Travis Banton designed an evening gown with a tailored shirtwaist top for Carole Lombard in *No Man of Her Own*, and shirtmaker evening gowns of lamé, cloth-of-gold, satin, and other rich fabrics became a fashion necessity!

In *One-Way Passage*, Kay Francis wore an evening cape with a slightly military swagger, designed by Orry-Kelly. Now look at capes all over the place!

René Hubert slit a skirt that Janet Gaynor wore in *Servants' Entrance*, and hundreds of thousands of women dashed from the theatre to grab for the scissors!

Walter Plunkett's costumes for *Little Women* were followed almost on the instant of the picture's release by a passionate interest on the part of

dressmakers and manufacturers in the tight bodice, the gored skirt, and the fullness from elbow to wrist—not to mention poke bonnets!

You wear what a handful of men in Hollywood tell you to wear, and it is of no use to argue!

● IF THE fashion designers of Hollywood decide that you are to dress in hoop-skirts, hoop-skirts you will wear—and like the idea. That is, you will if you are the average woman. And, according to Walter Plunkett, most women are average women. "Otherwise, we wouldn't have fads in clothes sweeping the country," he explains.

Mr. Plunkett, costume designer for RKO Studios, was in a mischievous mood the day I talked to him. He was feeling very gay, I think, because his costumes for *She*, the spectacular picture from the Rider Haggard novel of the same name, were behaving very well for the cameras.

I asked him about this business of fads. "Do they just happen, or do you control them from Hollywood? In other words, do you think that the designers of Hollywood could put over any style they wished, no matter how extreme, if they decided to play a monstrous joke on the world?"

"In the first place, we wouldn't want to," he said. "But I suppose that if all of the designers made a pact to use one extreme style consistently in all pictures, within six months every woman in the world would be wearing . . . well, let's think up something really fantastic for an example!"

His eyes lighted with an impish gleam. "Remember, now, I said IF all of the designers went slightly crazy, and decided to play a prank on the world," he cautioned. "Our business is to make our stars look lovely in clothes that fit their characters and the stories. But IF Hollywood designers so chose, I'll wager that in six months we could have every woman built up to eight or nine feet



Travis Banton made you want wide-brimmed hats à la West . . . and shirtmaker evening gowns à la Carole Lombard

What You

BY
LYN MILLER

tall! All that we would have to do would be to put stilt shoes consistently on our most famous stars, and build up hair and hats into towering head-dresses. The more conservative women, of course, would restrain themselves to being only about six and a half or seven feet tall. But very quickly you'd have the extremists towering ten to twelve feet in the air. The implications are terrific! I tremble to think of my own power!"

"You're not being serious!" I protested. "This is a very serious interview!"

"I'm perfectly serious," he retorted. "Most women make the mistake of wearing whatever is popular at the moment, instead of what is becoming to them personally. Otherwise, we never would have had every woman wearing knee-length skirts, regardless of what kind of underpinnings she had been born with. And we never would see such things as huge wide sleeves on short, wide women."

● PLUNKETT should know whereof he speaks, for he has been responsible for several trends, himself. All of them, he is quick to add, originated in spite of him, and not because he set out to invent something new.

The beginning of the modern usage of puffed sleeves dates back to his costumes for *Cimarron*. He designed those precisely to the period of the Edna Ferber story according to historical data, modifying them only in some slight details to make them attractive to the modern eye.

Shortly after the picture's release, sleeves began to puff, then to gather and spread until Adrian, internationally known M-G-M designer, went the limit with the famous *Letty Lynton* dress he designed for Joan Crawford. They swept the country like wildfire within less than a month after the picture was shown.

Adrian smiled reminiscently when I asked him whether or not he deliberately had wished those huge, flar-



Dolores Del Rio, with Orry-Kelly (above), wears the Grecian line he has sponsored. And so will you!

ing sleeves and high, prim necklines on a defenseless country.

"Of course not," he said. "Fashion evolves in spite of designers, and not because of them. There is an evolutionary law in fashion changes, just as there is in painting or any other art. A new Hollywood mode, used consistently, does make itself felt very quickly, and is very widely copied if it is good and right and sound. But there is no use in doing something just for the sake of being different. I put those huge sleeves on Miss Crawford in *Letty Lynton* because she was playing an extreme person, and it suited the character to have extreme clothes. They happened to click with the entire world."

So far two designers had agreed, with charming modesty, that their brain-children had achieved worldwide popularity without their ever intending it.

● ORRY-KELLY of Warners-First National, added his important voice to the chorus:

"The essential thing in dress for all women is to have clothes that are personal, that reflect their own individual personality," he said. "Any style trend I have started gained popularity because I introduced something that was becoming to a certain star and right for the part she was playing, not because I had the millions of women who might copy it in mind."

His striking costumes for Dolores Del Rio
(Continued on page 78)



René Hubert (above) made you slit-skirt-conscious



Adrian and Joan Crawford have been partners in starting many a new style



Dramatically, Virginia Bruce gives us a hint of the dramatic things awaiting us in the fashion marts this fall . . . gowns made of unusual fabrics, exotic costume jewelry, novel accessories

Fashion

Foreword

BY GWEN DEW

THERE is a whisper in the air of coming days full of the zest of autumn, of the winelike fragrance of the September air, of renewed interest in sports and affairs that are active. We have had our full share of being lazy, of just "sitting in the sun," and now we are ready to swing into autumn and its delightful new modes.

MEANWHILE, for these last lovely summer days we can live in cotton lace, and capture all the honors. It is smart anywhere and any time. It is being made into amazing things that lace never dreamed of being before, and they are utterly charming. Shirtwaist frocks with trick buttons of patent-leather, brilliant glass and amusing wood serve all purposes. They pack easily, look supremely cool, and launder beautifully. So what more could one ask?

Even into the evening goes cotton lace, and you will see the bouffant gowns in the "best-dressed" places. Sometimes the lace is starched, and then it looks crisply cool, besides being mighty becoming to slim young forms. Eggshell is its favorite color, followed closely by flesh, white, aqua, yellow, and lilac.

Sheer blacks and navy blues, with flattering bows of crisp white organdy or dainty net, are another grand answer to the last warm days, particularly if there are jackets you can add as August slips into early September. There is really nothing that looks cooler, and the white touches set off the deep tan of your skin, and the matching tan of your sheer hosiery. Black or blue gloves with flaring cuffs give that final smart touch that means so much.

BERETS creep up on us as summer wanes, and from Paris we learn that there is a jaunty new large Florentine beret draped in soft folds that is on its way to us. It will be worn high over one eye, and then dip daringly down over the other. Turbans for sports wear are being shown in New York in taffeta and paisley, and small close hats point the way to autumn millinery trends.

As the days glide swiftly into September, we promise you that velveteen will step up into fashion's spotlight. It will either form entire dresses or coats, or be used as large collars and revers. I have heard of one fall suit already being made of brown wool, with rose velveteen for its revers. Doesn't that sound enticing?

Skirts are literally creeping up on us, and by fall we will find our dresses an inch or an inch and a half shorter, which means that the lengths will vary from ten to fourteen and one-half inches from [Continued on page 79]

Highlights

- Cotton lace is summer's sweetest swan song.
- Velveteen is edging into the early autumn spotlight.
- So are woollens in brighter-than-ever colors.
- Skirts are literally creeping up on us—an inch or more.
- Even non-gold-diggers will be interested in things golden.
- "The Crusades" and "Top Hat" will have fashion influence.
- And saucy berets with a Florentine motif will be utterly smart!

Classic's FASHION PARADE

Fashion never stands still; it is always on the march—and now approaches the early autumn reviewing stands . . . or, rather, previewing stands . . . Kitty Carlisle, the society girl who turned screen songstress, is all prepared for that Indian summer mood with a chic, dark one-piece street frock, which has such bright accessory touches as clusters of silk flowers on her hat and belt



In a Romantic Mood, Carole Lombard wears silky black tulle with pink flowers at the throat... delicate make-up... a softly waved coiffure

How CAROLE Clothes Match

Romantic or gay or sophisticated, she always looks the part—with make-up and coiffures in harmony!

By VIRGINIA LANE

"THE more interesting a woman is," says Travis Banton, the famous Hollywood designer, "the more sides there are to her personality. When she understands the trick of selecting clothes to match each mood, and of varying her hairdress and make-up as she varies her costumes, then she has glamor.

That, really, is the secret of Carole Lombard's allure."

"Twelve-persons-in-one," Travis calls her. And he should know because he has designed gowns that dramatize every facet of Carole's temperament.

The lovely Lombard, you see, knows instinctively what clothes and coiffures and make-up can do *for* a girl as well as *to* her. She found out some time ago that, to be a success, a girl has to *look* the different parts she wants to play in everyday drama. That has nothing to do with acting. It is feminine psychology, pure and simple.

● Suppose, for instance, that you want to capture the mood of romance—the most important mood in a girl's life.

There is nothing like tulle for that, declares Mr. Banton. It has been the outstanding prom-girl and bridesmaid fabric of history. And when a blonde of Carole's calibre combines tulle in a silky black with pink flowers at the throat—well, what man can look in the opposite direction? In order to allow the flattery of those pink cloth flowers to do their best, Carole uses a lip rouge in a deeper tone of the same shade. (Nothing detracts from such a mood like a bold orange rouge or one that has a bluish cast. And this applies also to a heavy perfume.) By all means, use a delicate floral scent and spray it over the whole dress, especially on the flowers.

Everything must be delicate. Your jewelry. The flush on your cheeks. And your eyelashes and eyebrows should be done in *brown* mascara and pencil. Black is too definite a contrast with light hair for such a mood. Even brunettes should use brown unless they happen to have very dark hair.

Carole's "coiffure counselor"—Walter Westmore, of the famous Westmore brothers—says that you may have a passion for a sleek headdress, but when you want to spread the spell of enchantment, *keep your hair soft*. Comb out the bangs and waves, and just before leaving your room tip your head down. Then let the hair settle back into



A sophisticate in a Small Girl Mood makes strong men weaken. A round-collared frock, a swagger coat, a Breton sailor and a "careless" coiffure do the trick!

LOMBARD'S Her Moods

place of its own free will. This will give it the same light, airy effect as the dress. Carole even adds, "Keep the conversation on light topics. Don't discuss politics in tulle!" In fact, dressed like that, you won't have to discuss much of anything. The Big Moment will arrive of its own accord without the help of words!

● Of course, there are a good many "moments" in a woman's life—moments that require expert handling. Perhaps an ex-sweetheart of your husband's is coming to dinner, or you want to show the old crowd at your class reunion how "ultra" you have become. That is *the perfect hostess mood*.

The way to begin is by putting on one of those elastic girdles that can do grand things for even the grandest of figures, and rummage around until you find your most madly extravagant pair of sheer stockings. Thus fortified, slip into a white crêpe gown modeled along the lines that made Helen of Troy an international complication. A deceptively simple gown, you know, probably with the sleeves cut in one with the bodice like Carole's, and with the same unmistakable air of being clever and classic all at once. Have a set head-dress with your bangs curled under [Continued on page 64]



Carole Lombard epitomizes smartness in a Tailored Mood . . . with such softening touches as two-tye pumps, a wine-red blouse and wine-red carnations



In the Perfect Hostess Mood! White crêpe with classic Grecian lines



In the Mood Spirituelle! A chiffon evening gown and monastic cape



In the Gayest Mood! Polka-dotted shorts, ankle-length linen, and a "lustrous" look!



CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S CHIC

Were you surprised by Claudette's newly auburn hair—as revealed in the striking natural-color photograph on this month's cover? Did you wonder about the silver fox cape? The answer is that both are chic. . . . Evenings always are cool in California, and a fur cape is not only smart, but sensible. Just as smart and sensible as her simple early fall frock at the near-right—green wool accented with silver lamé stitchings. The coiffure above is her newest—worn in the picture, "She Married Her Boss."





Happy Summer Ending

Joan Bennett, of the Hollywood smart set, is giving summer a pert and fashionable finale—like this

For an "afternoon out," Joan comes downstairs in aquamarine crêpe, sportswear-styled. And sport shoes and a sporty little hat heighten the informal note



Shopping is a "suitable" occasion to Joan, who likes this year's contrast motifs. Her skirt of sheer wool crêpe is topped by a brief jacket and multi-ruffled gilet of powder-blue linen



For dining and dancing, Joan likes yards and yards of ruffled pink tulle, with a perky jacket. Which reminds us: her new picture is titled, "Two for Tonight"

Teatime is taffeta time for Joan, who rustles to her favorite restaurant in a navy-and-white printed frock, a navy coat and navy hat—all of taffeta (center)

MODERN *Medieval*

Travis Banton's creations for Loretta film spectacle, "The Crusades," are



Watch for modern versions of this velvet gown, designed by Banton for Loretta Young in "The Crusades" . . . its princess lines highlighted by bead embroidery at the neck and hipline



Crusades

*For Loretta Young
"Council of Kings"
Travis Banton*



As Berengaria, Queen of England, Loretta Young wears a veil bound about her head, with a narrow metallic band surmounting it



Playing the heroine of "The Crusades," Loretta Young wears this Banton-designed satin gown . . . whose molded lines and skirt fullness will appeal to glamor-conscious moderns

MAIDENS, *Modes*

Young and Katherine DeMille in the
destined to influence Fall fashions!

Luxurious use of
gold embroidery
features this gown,
designed by Travis
Banton for Kath-
erine DeMille in
"The Crusades."
And fashion will be
reminded what em-
broidery can do!



And herewith is a sketch of
a modern variation—a
close-fitting hat with up-
turned and shiny band brim,
face veil and chin strap



In this Banton-de-
signed medieval
gown in "The
Crusades," Kath-
erine DeMille will
give ideas to
moderns about
the effect of
metallic cloth
with black velvet



Preludes to Autumn



A Suit Substitute—such is Madge Evans' smart black-and-white wool frock, styled like a tailored military topcoat



Would you suspect that Una Merkel's trim "office-girl" frock (above) has a removable jacket? It buttons in back—just for novelty



Four pockets and eleven buttons adorn the jacket of Merle Oberon's suit in "The Dark Angel" (right). Its checks are three-toned



For evening, taffeta continues popular—like Maureen O'Sullivan (left). Her quaint gown is gray-and-white striped

For autumn lounging, Rochelle Hudson has pajamas of chiffon velvet in a new weave. Their color? Rose opaline

Give Yourself Some New Accessories!

You don't have to spend a fortune to smarten up your fall clothes. You can make things, yourself. Here's how!

By ANN SOTHERN

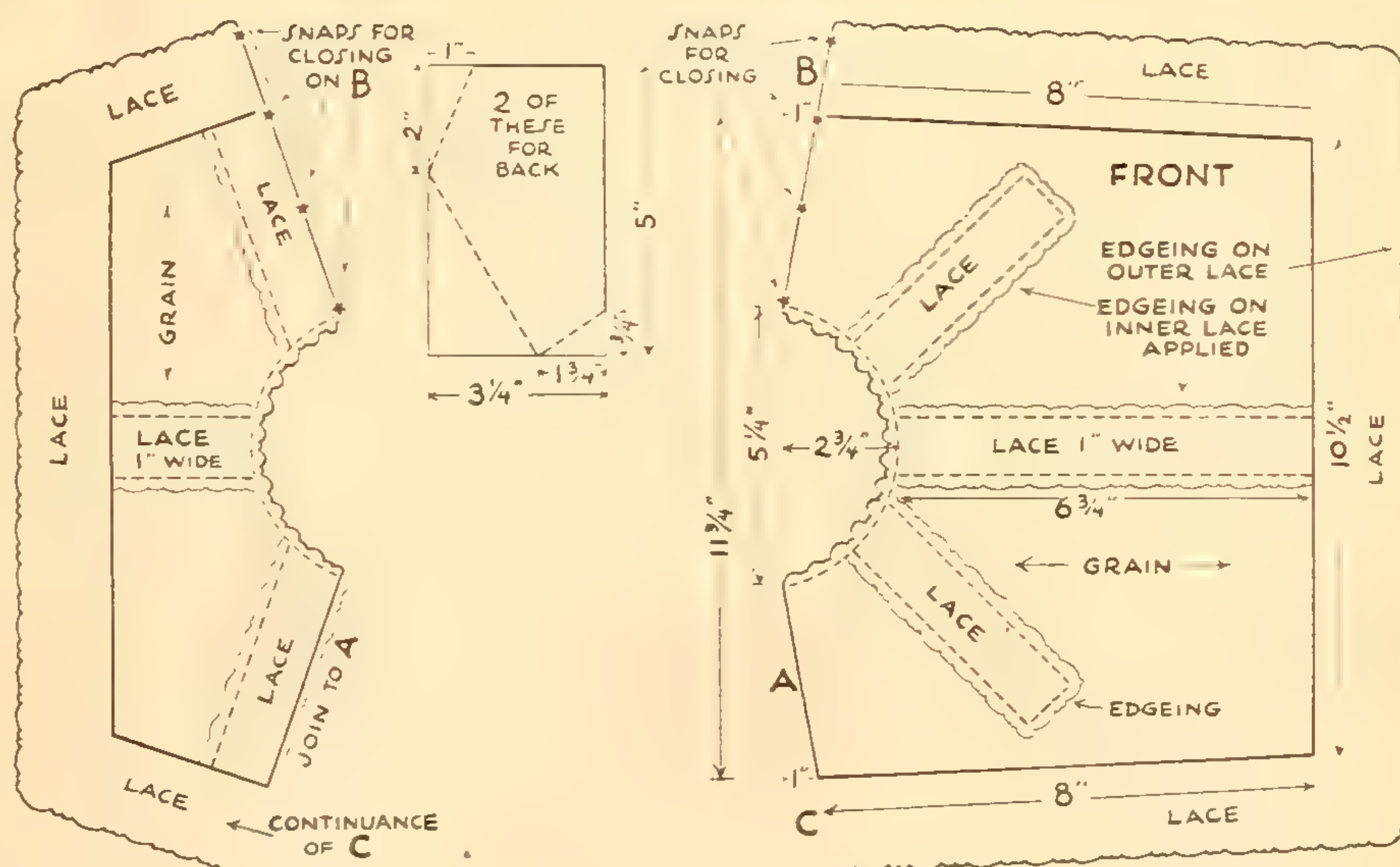
THE FASHION powers-that-be are good to us! Every fall they devise some new types of accessories that we can use with miraculous results on a last year's dress. And thus we fool our friends and enemies into thinking that we just went out and spent a small fortune (snap of fingers here!) on a whole new autumn outfit! Last year they said, "Trim with metals and metal cloths for dressy wear. And for sportswear make your own hats, sweaters, scarfs, and other accessories, even flowers!" This year the bright edict to us is: "Crochet!"

Crocheted gloves, I must admit, made their first appearance this summer . . . but they were so successful and so well liked that we'll be wearing them far into the fall, in fact until the time when the frost begins tackling our fingers. The shades will be darker, of course, than we wore this summer, in order to match the darker hats and bags we'll be wearing.

Crocheted hats for sports and daytime wear are a practical innovation for those of us who take our hats off as often as possible (to allow our hair to breathe) and then put them on again five minutes later. They don't stretch out of shape . . . they don't muss . . . and you can easily tuck them in your pocket. And as for their cost . . . a little time and a lot of inexpensive thread is nothing to complain about—particularly when the results are so extremely smart!

● I HAVE made only a beret and gloves so far, and I had to do those on the set between shots . . . but I am going to make a crocheted vestee to wear with my fall suit. These vestees in contrasting shades are very chic—yellow with brown suits, light blue with dark blue, brown with gray suits. These handmade vestees are very expensive to buy, but easy and economical to make. The instructions for making them are too long to give here, but you can easily get details at any art needlework department in a department store.

The brimmed beret that I just finished is such a simple pattern, how- [Continued on page 80]



Top, Ann Sothorn crocheting hat; above, pattern for her collar



Betty Furness shows you how to apply your powder to attain a velvety skin. Your nose should be powdered last, and a brush used to do away with the surplus



The vogue for shiny make-up started in Hollywood, and is popular for summer wear. Betty's face is a fine example of how fresh and youthful-looking it is

LOOKS Mean a

“CAMERA! Lights! Action!” Put yourself in the place of the star who listens to that thrilling cry of the Hollywood studios. It is the minute before the voice of the director will boom out, and you take swift inventory of yourself.

Your hair? Cut and curled to make you look your feminine loveliest.

Your dress? Smoothly fitted, immaculately clean, becomingly cut.

Your face? That gives you swift thought, and you steal a last searching glimpse in a mirror. It must show a lovely face, with a faultlessly smooth make-up. The poor features of your face must be hidden—the best points of your looks must be enhanced, played up, emphasized. That's the art that makes the millions who watch the movies believe that before them on the screen is a girl with all the beauty of the world embodied in her features.

Make-up! That's the secret of these stars who make a thorough study of it. And *you*, too, must know these tricks of making yourself as charming to look at as any star on the screen. You must realize that every day when you go to work or to a dance, you face the camera of passing glances, the lights of friendly inspection, the action of the people who

Make-up is as important to you as to the stars . . . so learn how Hollywood makes every girl lovely to behold!

BY

Alison Alden

judge you only by your appearance.

There are few stars who were born beautiful. You realize that, don't you? Myrna Loy has freckles; Joan Crawford's mouth is large; Ginger Rogers' hair is "carrot" color; Marlene Dietrich has high cheekbones. I know these exquisite stars will forgive me for saying these things, because they themselves have recognized the facts, and—what is more important—have made of them important factors in their stunning ap-

pearances, and a great part of their personal charm!

How do they do it?

• LET'S just imagine for a while that you and I are in Hollywood, and that I'm the make-up person who is giving you some points on how you can make yourself look as lovely as you possibly can. Attention!

First: consider each part of your face individually. Eyes, eyelashes, eyebrows, lips, complexion, and hair must be at their individual best.

Second: you must know certain make-up principles that I shall soon tell you.

Third: each part of your face must be in perfect harmony with the rest.

Perhaps you think you know how to *apply powder*. Probably you do. But just let me give you my suggestions, too. Start powdering at the lower edges of the cheeks. Blend toward the center of the face. Powder your nose last. Be sure to press the powder lightly into the tiny lines of the face. Brush away surplus with a soft complexion brush.

Rouge next. Never rub your rouge in, but pat it gently on. Start at the top part of your cheek, and follow the curve of the cheekbone to the nose. Blend carefully with your fingers so that the rouge looks like



Never *rub* your rouge in, but pat it on gently. Blend carefully as Betty Furness is doing to make it look like natural color in your cheeks. Read about rouge tricks!



Make up your upper lip first as Betty is doing, and by compressing your lips together get the natural contour for the lower lips. Proper use of lipstick makes them enticing

LOT—of Care

natural color in your cheek. Your rouge should be applied very faintly from the cheekbone to the outer corner of the lower eyelid. If there are tiny lines under the eyes, rouge carried up almost to the lower lid will help eliminate them. (That's a make-up secret I learned from Dumas of New York, who used to make up the ladies of the royal Russian court!)

The important *lipstick*! Always dry your lips. Make up the upper lip by following the contour with lipstick, and fill in by blending with the lipstick or your finger. Compress your lips together to give you the proper contour for your lower lip, and so make your mouth look symmetrical. Fill in and blend the lower lip with the lipstick. Rub well toward the inside of the mouth so you don't have a red smear just on the outer part of your lips. Blend the lipstick into your lips carefully. The color of your lipstick should harmonize with the color of your rouge and powder. (That's an important principle of one of Hollywood's most famous make-up men.)

Eyeshadow! This can do much to enhance your beauty, for if the "eyes are the mirrors of the soul," they should be an outstanding part of your looks. Apply eyeshadow to the upper lid only, and blend very

delicately to give an even color from eyelash to eyebrow. If your eyebrows need it, define their natural curve with eyebrow pencil, and extend the line a trifle. Where the eyelash meets the outer corner of the lower lid, draw a fine line that will make your eyes look larger. Deepen your eyelashes by brushing mascara on them with an upward stroke on the upper lashes, and with a downward stroke to the lower lashes. Never let your lashes look "matty," but separate and soften the lashes with a small brush.

- THAT'S the main part of the make-up lesson, but if you have

BEAUTY ADVICE

Want to know Hollywood's secrets of bringing out all your best points through the clever use of make-up? We'll tell you. Or we'll be glad to inform you of the names and prices of any beauty aids described in this article. Just write to Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

special problems I can help you. For instance, there are ways to make a round face look more oval, a thin face fuller, to hide too-high cheekbones, to rouge hollow cheeks. Or to change the looks of your eyes, or to remedy the thinness or fullness of your lips. I shall be glad to help you with these problems if you will write me about them.

Of course, you realize that no make-up in the world can be wholly satisfactory unless you have a clean, healthy skin underneath it. That *you* must insure for yourself. It is a result of sensible eating, plenty of sleep, and absolute cleanliness. Never hop into bed, no matter how tired, without thoroughly cleansing the face. If your skin is dry, it needs to be nourished and freshened. If it is oily, it needs an astringent.

Study your face, pick out its good points and play them up big. Be clever and do something to detract from your weak spots. Choose your colors carefully, and apply them with thorough knowledge that you are doing it just the way a master make-up man would. You can. Make it your business to start out every morning with the feeling that the next minute you are going to face the cameras, let the lights search you out, and snap into action!

[Continued on page 73]

Secrets of the Stars'

The acid test of any woman's charm is the kind of closet she keeps. Read what Hollywood charmers have in theirs!

THERE is nary a skeleton left in Hollywood closets. Because, in order to rattle around well, any self-respecting skeleton must have one of those old-fashioned dim interiors spiked with hooks that bump you in the eye. And it couldn't possibly be happy in the bright, modern, practical marvels that are the stars' closets!

As Mae West puts it—and believe it or not, she is one of the best housekeepers in filmdom: "Whether you're single or married, if you want to save your disposition, you've got to have a place for everything and everything in its place! You know how little things can happen in the best-regulated families—the wife loses a shoehorn, the husband can't find his favorite tie. Before you can say Mickey Mouse, they've quarreled and she's telephoning her lawyer. Now I don't say that convenient, well-planned closets are the answer to the American Divorce Problem, but they certainly ought to help to steer people clear of it. Even in apartments, where space is what you have the least of, you can manage them."

And how Mae has managed hers! The closets in the

BY
MARIANNE
MERCER

West apartment show what can be done when you set your mind to it. First of all, she had cupboards built in—cupboards with cute draw curtains over them to hold her size 4A pumps, her gloves, the famous West tams, and so on. It's surprising how much extra room they provide and how inexpensively a carpenter will build them.

The cupboard for the shoes has a sloping shelf with a ledge for the heels to rest against, and it is low enough to reach easily. All of Mae's hatboxes are labeled so that she doesn't have to scurry through a half dozen before she finds the particular one she wants. And, nicest of all, the minute she opens the closet door, she is greeted by a delightful odor. It comes from the quilted padding on the shelves. Incidentally, it is now possible to buy this padding by the yard in any color and in varying widths; then you scent it yourself with your favorite sachet.

• TODAY, smart closets are as essential as smart clothes. And the end of summer is an excellent time to clean out the old catch-alls, to give them a fresh lease on life. Just remember:

A little modern equipment—and you have *space* where there was none before.

A can of paint—and you have *sunshine* where the sun never penetrates.

A few yards of chintz—and you have *chic*, plus cheer!

Let me tell you what that charming little Southern girl, Gail Patrick, did. Gail is living on a very moderate Hollywood income because she is just starting out in the movies, and she and her mother live in a small apartment. But the girl



Elissa Landi had a "clothes filing cabinet" built in her closet—which is novel in other ways, too

Lyda Roberti doesn't keep hats in boxes, but in deep closet drawers. Neat—and accessible!



Behind three full-length mirrors in the room that Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young share are three attractive, well-arranged closets

Closets!

must have some special Alabama ingenuity, as you will agree after reading what she did to her closet.

It was the "pocket-handkerchief" size with hooks scattered around the walls. After Gail had hung up five or six dresses, it looked as jammed as a subway at rush hour, and half her clothes still were on the bed. "A rod from wall to wall across the length of the closet will more than double its capacity," she reasoned, "and that will still leave room for a shelf!" So out came the hooks.

She called the janitor. He put up a shelf for her; two inches below it he arranged brackets for the rod. But Gail did not buy the ordinary thick, wooden rod. A plain iron gas or water pipe makes a far stronger one and she knew it. So young Miss Patrick bought a length of pipe and a can of paint—cream-colored paint to match the woodwork in her bedroom. And she set to work in the closet painting the new rod, the floorboards and the shelf. And when she had finished, Gail went shopping again.

This time she acquired four yards of figured chintz and two and one-half yards of shelf edgings in a turquoise rayon taffeta—you can get this sort of edging in any number of materials. With the chintz she covered the little wooden hangers, the hat stands, and boxes for her hosiery, gloves, and lingerie. (It means a lot if you can find place for all that in your closet. It means that you can do without buying an extra piece of furniture for your bedroom, and that's something to consider these days!)

With the new paint and the chintz, that closet took on a gaiety it had never expected to know. But when Gail added the taffeta edging to the shelf—that was the supreme touch! She tacked it on with cream-lacquered thumbtacks. And the result was completely charming.

And this was the amazingly low cost for the whole thing, item by item: Iron rod, 35c; Paint, 45c; Chintz (at 35c a yard) \$1.40; Taffeta edging for shelf (at 40c a yard), \$1.00; Thumbtacks, 25c. Total cost: \$3.45.

● IF YOU have neither the time nor the inclination to cover your hangers, you can buy clever little velvet dress hangers in any large department store for thirty-five cents a dozen. Get them in shades to match the color scheme of your room. Hatstands to match are also available.

But grandest of all is that new gadget, made up of wire racks, that you put on the back of closet doors. It comes enameled in any shade you wish and gives you unbelievable space for things. There is room for at least two hats, an umbrella, six pairs of shoes—and if you are sharing the closet with your husband, you will have a place for all of his neckties. What's more, everything will be in plain sight so that you will not have to rummage!



Sylvia Sidney, seen in the negligée she wears in *Accent on Youth*, keeps dust away from things in her closet by hanging drapes there!

Another item to cheer the heart of any woman is the new flowered oilcloth. It is extremely easy to keep clean and it dresses up a shelf miraculously. You finish it with bias or folded tape after you have cut it to fit exactly.

● LET yourself go where closets are concerned! Joan Crawford did—with thrilling results. Joan, you know, has always hated closets, because she was shut in a very dark one once and the memory lingers on. Consequently, every one of Joan's closets now has a window in it. She has all kinds, but one of the neatest is her "game" closet, which lives next door to the card room. In it, she has enough compartments to hold the backgammon and chess boards, the boxes of cards and chips and all of the old games that help to make a party so successful. All of the shelves and drawers are painted white with silver moldings and the walls are pale blue. It isn't necessary, of course, to devote a whole closet to such things, but it is a won- [Continued on page 86]



Sally Eilers Plays Hostess

Exclusive MOVIE CLASSIC photo by Charles Rhodes

SINCE her marriage to Harry Joe Brown, the producer, Sally Eilers has blossomed out as one of the most brilliant and most successful younger hostesses in Hollywood. Her little "dinners at eight," of which she gives four or five a month, have become patterns for successful entertainment. They are by no means lavish, but Sally's gifts as a charming hostess make each of them distinctive, individual, dramatic. And you may obtain some new ideas from her for your own next dinner party.

She attacks her problem of entertainment, not as a successful motion picture star, but rather as a young wife whose husband's friends and her own friends she wants to have around her. It is a healthy mental attitude because her own eager friendliness is transferred to her guests, and the formality of the dinner itself never defeats the sparkling atmosphere she creates at her dinner table.

Cooking is a hobby with Sally. It has been ever since she was a child, when she displayed her passionate interest in the culinary art by deluging her mother with questions about how cakes were mixed and roasts prepared for the oven. In fact, when Sally is a guest, it is not at all unusual for her to ask her hostess for recipes, and no chef in any restaurant in the world is safe from her! She will wheedle and cajole until she triumphantly carries away the secrets of the dishes that have beguiled her. And, as likely

as not, she will spring a new dish at her next dinner party certain to elicit "oh's" and "ah's" from her appreciative guests.

• SURPRISES are half of the secret of the success of any well-remembered dinner party, Sally believes. "No matter what your menu is, it must always have a dramatic quality," she says. "It must have surprise and visual delight; it must not only be—but look—appetizing. Your dinner is a success only when your dullest guest makes brilliant remarks. Your table is a success when it catches and holds the eye. Your menu is a success when everything is eaten and evidently enjoyed."

In these repeal days, every dinner of course begins with cocktails. Simple *hors d'oeuvres* may be served. Sal-

ly suggests that tiny pig sausages impaled on toothpicks and the toothpicks stuck into an apple or a grapefruit, like porcupine quills, are extremely attractive and inexpensive. Cottage cheese mixed with a little horseradish, chopped green onions, and a suggestion of tabasco sauce, placed in a large bowl, and framed in potato chips, makes another excellent *hors d'oeuvre*. A third favorite of Sally's is peanut butter spread on tiny strips of bread, rolled and folded into bacon, then browned in the oven.

As the guests sit down, her table has a crisp look. Sally places importance on the visual delights of her table. The centerpiece of flowers is always flanked by candlesticks, with candles of a harmonizing color. A dish of nuts and a dish of chocolates invariably grace the table. She makes sure that there is pepper and salt within easy reach of every guest, and cigarettes and matches and ash trays at every place. A thoughtful hostess, of course, will always try to remember the brand of cigarettes each guest prefers and provide those.

No one in Hollywood is more successful or popular in the rôle. Let Sally give you ideas for your own next dinner party!

BY SONIA LEE

• "I SERVE several types of dinners," Sally reveals. "One I call 'the roast beef dinner' and another 'the steak dinner.' With so many women calory-conscious today, a hostess no longer plans a dinner for women. She caters to the tastes of men. That is as it should. [Continued on page 87]



"I'm the luckiest man in the world"

Romance comes to the girl who guards against **COSMETIC SKIN**

SOFT, smooth skin wins romance—tender moments no woman ever forgets! So what a shame it is when good looks are spoiled by unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

It's so unnecessary for any woman to risk this modern complexion trouble—with its enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its **ACTIVE** lather guards against dangerous pore clogging because it cleans so *deeply*—gently carries away every vestige of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

You can use cosmetics all

you wish if you *remove* them this safe, gentle way. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Remember, this is the fine, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have used for years. It will *protect* your skin—give it that smooth, *cared-for* look that's so appealing.



Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed!
But I always use **Lux
Toilet Soap** to guard
against Cosmetic Skin

Claudette Colbert

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BRIDE COMES HOME"

Chart Your Charm!

[Continued from page 25]

your bloneness, your darkness? Even if you have changed a life-long opinion, you are trading it in on a greater loveliness," Mr. Pogany assures you. "Now you are ready to 'dip into the great palette of colors and choose from it the hues that will set you apart, emphasize your beauty, give you charm.

"IN RELATION to you, all colors have only two variations. They either contrast with your complexion, or they harmonize with it. You may use either group of shades without fear, but you will get very different results from each. Dolores Del Rio is such a definite color type that she makes an ideal model. She has dark eyes and hair with a golden skin. Her general coloring is in the warm browns. The contrast to warm brown lies in the greenish tones.

"Supposing Dolores wishes to appear very sweet and unsophisticated. She can do no better than wear a quiet shade of green with a silvery cast to it. However, should she wish to be vivid and startling, she gains the best effect by turning to the brilliant, gorgeous hues of emerald and jade. Scarlet would be good, combined with metallic gold.

"Follow her into the harmonizing colors, and what effects do we find? In dark, dull shades of brown and in black, she is nunlike and severe. In lighter tans and fawns, she is quiet and demure. Glinting copper-browns and lustrous blacks give her elegance.

"Bette Davis is as blonde as Dolores is dark. In contrast to her white skin, warm ivory makes her appear very sweet and girlish. Emerald green is as much a contrast to Bette as to Dolores—it would make her very striking. To be demure, Betty would choose a soft, pale yellow; to be nunlike, she would select darker tones of beige and brown; and she would be distinctive in black.

"YOU SEE, blondes and brunettes must not dress in contrast to each other, necessarily. They must dress in contrast to their individual skin coloring, and frequently that contrast will be the same for both of them. The same is true of the harmonizing colors.

"Don't believe it when they tell you, 'Blondes cannot wear this color and brunettes cannot wear that color.' It all depends upon the shade of the color in question. There are only two 'cannots.' *Girls with olive skin should avoid black.* It makes them sallow. *Girls like Bette Davis, with white skin, should avoid white.* It makes them too pale. Otherwise black and white go well on everybody.

"There are warm and cool shades to every color. If your skin is cool—that is, if it is white, white-and-pink, or olive—choose the warmer tones of your selected colors. If your skin is warm and glowing—if it is creamy, rosy, or golden—choose the cooler shades. Violet, for example, is warm. Purple, because of its greater percentage of blue,

is cool. Turquoise, which has a touch of green, is a cool blue. Powder blue is warm. There are cool yellows, such as lemon and pale gold. There are warm greens with a decided golden cast. Gray, which is considered a standard cool color, may be warm and pearly.

"Redhaired girls, who usually feel badly because of the limitations put upon their color scope, are really the easiest to dress. Katharine Hepburn and Billie Burke are two extremes of redheadedness. Katharine is dark with greenish eyes, Billie is bright with bluer eyes—yet either of them can wear almost any color and be lovely in it.

"Redheads can be very alluring in creamy pinks, peach, and tea rose, in spite of the accepted taboo upon these colors. Try different shades of pink against your skin, you ladies with the Cleopatra tresses, the next time you are in the silk section of your favorite shop. Swath the fabrics around you, get the color that is just right for you, and select your dresses accordingly. Common sense will tell you to avoid wishy-washy colors that will be faded by your own coloring.

"The hardest type to dress is the dark-eyed blonde," Mr. Pogany continues. "Joan Blondell approximates this type. Binnie Barnes is another brown-eyed girl with light, bright hair. This combination happens very rarely. Dark-eyed girls who lighten their hair find it extremely difficult to bring out their best points. If they dress to beautify their skin, their hair is wrong. If they emphasize the gold of their hair, their skin looks muddy. The best advice is to play up the skin tones, and let the hair take care of itself.

"THE coming of color to the screen threatens none of the stars," is the assurance of this man who knows. "They will be colorfully gowned to high-light the loveliness of their own colorings and more than ever will they be able to show other girls just how to get the most out of this business of beauty.


"Color is a fascinating thing. It is easy to check up on yourself and discover whether or not you are being as beautiful as you can be. The three things every woman must have in order to be charming are gained through color. *Grace*, so necessary to a girl, comes through a harmonious linking of the girl and her dress. *Poise* is achieved by elegance. *Animation* comes with vivid, striking clothes.

"After you have gowned yourself with loveliness and charm, watch your lighting effects. Cool lights of green or blue are dangerous. They will make you appear ghastly. Very warm lights will steal the color from your lips and cheeks. Soft, light pinks are the most becoming, and lavender, too, is good if it is warm.

"Now I have told you my color charm secrets," says the famous Willy Pogany in conclusion, "and if you take my friendly tips, each of you can become 'A Portrait of a Lovely Lady.'"



When chorus girls go in for crocheting—well, crocheting is news. And it is coming back into vogue in a big way, as knitting has. Between scenes of *Top Hat*, chorine Kathryn Barnes makes her hands dance with hook and yarn



“I found a little
SECRET OF POPULARITY
that so many women
OVERLOOK”

“**F**OR years I was left out of things—a young girl who rarely had a date and never had a beau. Now that is all changed. I am invited everywhere... life is gay and interesting—and all because I discovered a little secret of popularity that so many women overlook.”

Popular People Realize It

Popular people are never guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. That is one of the reasons they are popular. Realizing that anyone may have bad breath without knowing it, they take this easy pleasant precaution against it—Listerine, the

quick deodorant, used as a mouth rinse. Most causes of halitosis, says a great dental authority, are due to fermenting food in the mouth. Tiny particles which even careful tooth brushing fails to remove, decompose and release odors. It happens even in normal mouths. No wonder so many breaths offend!

Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then it overcomes the odors it causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes fresher, cleaner, more wholesome. Get in the habit of using Listerine. It's an investment in friendship. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



Keep your breath beyond suspicion. Use LISTERINE before meeting others

First Crossing

[Continued from page 36]

It was a sea as calm as a lagoon, dotted with ships. I will never forget those magic few moments as long as I live. Behind us was America. Before us, the vast, mysterious reaches of the Atlantic, and beyond—Paris!

Days lolling in deck chairs in the sun, talking to the Good-looking Number who refused to be put in the discard. Deck tennis. Shuffleboard. Marvelous meals. Peace and quiet. Then nights of dancing, movies, parties, swimming in the ship's pool, and watching the moonlight on the endless rolling waves, with my head close to that of the good-looking lad, leaning on the deck-rail. It gradually occurred to me that this chap was a swell person. Beth, by the way, wasn't lonesome either.

TEN days of paradise. Then one night a sudden, deep thrill at the sight of lights dotting a distant coast. The coast of France! A tender came up alongside manned by French officials with dark beards and red-lined capes. Machine-gun French. Excitement. Tremendous excitement.

We were on the tender, waving goodbye to those aboard the ship who were going on to Rotterdam. Pangs of regret at parting from friends we would never see again. Then the gradual drawing nearer of that lighted coast, and a backward glance at the thrilling outlines of the ship etched in lights against the dark sky. Forward, forward into mystery and glamour—"beyond the blue horizon."

I stepped off the tender and onto French soil, and it seemed that I was no longer the same person; my old life dropped from me like a cloak; I was brand-new all over.

The boat train for Paris didn't leave until morning so we passengers were put up for the night at a comfortable, quaint little hotel owned by the steamship company, where I tried out my high-school French on the hotel clerk and *was understood!* I told him Beth and I each desired a warm bath (you have to ask for them in France) and after repeating the French words only twice, he comprehended perfectly. And then, to my disgust, replied in perfect English!

THE boat-train—a funny little train with a sort of peanut-whistle on the tiny engine—left at eight o'clock the next morning. A few hours later we pulled into the Gare du Nord in Paris, and I kept a promise I had made to myself for years. I gazed about me rapturously (nearly dead with excitement) and said aloud, "So this is Paris!"

It was! It was! It was! The very selfsame Paris of my dreams. Glorious old buildings. Graceful statues. Those high-pitched, musical auto horns.

Berets. Street singers. Sidewalk cafés. Gaiety and laughter. Students. Soldiers. Beautiful boulevards, centuries old. The Eiffel Tower.

I was in a mellow daze. "I can't believe we're here!" I murmured.

"I can't either," said Beth. "It's impossible!"

We said goodbye to the last of our shipboard friends (not without a pang) and set about finding a hotel. It was a simple task. Paris abounds with them. We found a lovely one on the Rue Lafayette, and had a gorgeous double room, with tall French doors opening onto a balcony, for 30 francs a day. That amounted to about \$1.00 a day apiece! (That same double room, before America went off the gold standard, would have cost us very little more than 45c a day apiece.)

Although we were terribly tired that first night, we found sleep impossible. We decided to take a taxi ride up and down the boulevards. It would be expensive, but it would come well within our budget. Paris at night! It was indescribable. It was like riding in fairyland. We rode down the glorious Champs Elysée toward the beautiful Arc de Triomphe and fairly gasped with delight. It loomed out of the darkness, beautifully illuminated, like the very gateway to heaven. (All of the public buildings and edifices in Paris are illuminated at night—and they are all overwhelmingly beautiful.)

We rode through the Place de la Concorde with its marvelous statuary, and gazed in awe at the tall obelisk that Napoleon brought back from Egypt to celebrate his victory there. All of our high-school and movie knowledge of French history sprang to our minds as we rode through the Place de la Bastille, where the gutters once overran (literally) with blood during the terrible French Revolution. As if in commemoration of it, the street lights of Paris give forth a subtle, reddish glow, superbly beautiful at a distance, that would intrigue any artist.

At last we returned to our hotel. Our taxi bill amounted to about \$4.50 in American money, but we had seen things that we would never forget—scenes which, like the scent of perfume, must be experienced and cannot be described.

THE food we had in Paris lived up to all the legends about it. We had snails for dinner—and they were delicious! And the next day frogs' legs, equally excellent. It's almost impossible to get a bad meal in Paris. Dinners are, I will admit, expensive; you could scarcely get a good one for less than a dollar. But breakfasts, consisting of a delicious, flaky *croissant* and hot chocolate, were cheap. A sidewalk café opposite our hotel served a complete break-

fast for a franc (about 7c). At first we had difficulties about water. The French drink wine just as we drink water, and accustoming ourselves to the change was fraught with peril, to say the least. For French *vin ordinaire* is potent, despite what anyone says to the contrary.

Incidentally, whenever my high-school French failed me (as it did in most cases), there was always someone who could speak English. One has no trouble on that score. And so far as being "gypped" is concerned, we weren't ever cheated out of so much as a centime.

Of course, we visited the Louvre, Napoleon's Tomb, the Luxembourg Gardens, and the other famous places, such as the Cathedral of Notre Dame. But my favorite was the Madeleine. The Madeleine is a vast, beautiful Grecian-type building. It looks like an American architect's dream of the Perfect Bank. It is right in the heart of downtown Paris. And it is—a church, one of the loveliest in the world. We went to the opera; rode on the *Metro*, the Paris subways; window-shopped along the Rue de la Paix; and stopped at the famous café of the same name for a cup of chocolate and watched the world go by while we drank it. A few blocks away we gazed in awe at the dressmaking establishments of Molyneux, Schiaparelli, and Lanvin and other world-famous courturiers.

WE looked with interest at the French girls of our own age. They were dressed very much as we were, and we soon realized that the Parisiennes do not dress more smartly than their American cousins. They do achieve, however, a certain subtle difference hard to define. They certainly know how to make themselves attractive, and the surprising part is their make-up. In the majority of cases it is applied so cleverly it is impossible to tell whether a girl has any on or whether it is her natural color.

Neither Beth nor I was terribly impressed with the French men. The American men are much better-looking on the whole. Perhaps the French styles for men—with their pinched waists and elegant effects—influenced our judgment. We were glad when two of the nicest American boys spoke respectfully to us one morning in the lobby of the hotel and we became acquainted. That made it possible for us to visit many places, including night clubs (or, night boxes, as the French call them) where we couldn't have ventured alone.

WE SAW—with them—the Latin Quarter, with its narrow, dark, winding streets, its tiny, old cafés, and artists everywhere, painting. We visited the "Apache" district, and went to several cafés where they have dancing to the tune of a hand-accordion and cymbals. The men, with scarfs wound

[Continued on page 85]

To make THIS BEER

yeast cells must
be fed
just as carefully
as babies

SINCE the yeast discoveries of the great French scientist, Louis Pasteur, revolutionized brewing practices, we have learned many things. We know that to make good beer, yeast cells must be fed as carefully as we nourish our own infants. So, during the BUDWEISER fermentation period, we see to it that the yeast cells get just the right amounts of the various food values they need. Thus, BUDWEISER is always uniform — in flavor, bouquet, carbonation, color, clarity and purity.

In the brewing of BUDWEISER, nothing is left to chance. By clock and thermometer, every process is controlled. You find always in BUDWEISER that matchless bouquet that is the delight of exacting connoisseurs and the envy of all brewers. BUDWEISER is always rich in the flavor of the pick of each year's barley crop. Always BUDWEISER lives up to its age-old reputation — the one beer that sets itself brilliantly apart from all others. The very first sip tells all who try it why the world-wide demand for BUDWEISER built the world's largest brewery.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • ST. LOUIS

Visitors are cordially invited to inspect our plant



Budweiser

THE NATURAL DRINK

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Movie Classic for September, 1935

My Friend, Marion Davies

[Continued from page 31]

see her through rose-colored glasses." If that's the case, then everyone who knows her, whether closely or slightly, wears glasses of the same color. Nor does the charge bother me. I am not telling this story to convince anyone. I am telling it to relieve my own heart of a little of the love and gratitude and admiration that fill it to the bursting point.

MARION was born with a passion for giving—and I do not mean by that material giving only, though I have seen too much of the world to minimize the importance of that brand of assistance. She gives lavishly of herself—her time, her thought, her sympathy, her energy. Any of her friends who get into a jam go straight to Marion—it is a kind of blind instinct with them, just as it is an instinct with her to respond to any honest appeal for help. She seems to have strength enough for them and herself, too, for nobody hears her talk of her own troubles. Recently she lost her father and a beloved niece—Reine's only daughter—within a brief period. During that time of strain and grief, it was Marion to whom the family turned like chicks to their mother, Marion who found courage to support and comfort them.

Many share their plenty with others. Few share it with the same delicacy as Marion, the same gift for putting themselves in the other fellow's shoes, the same fierce rejection of thanks. Nor will she thank me for telling these tales now. What she has done for me, she has done for dozens of others. That is between her and them. I hope she will forgive me for revealing a little of my own experience with her.

A few years ago, I was desperately ill, my illness aggravated by worry over hospital bills. The bills that should have been presented at the end of the first week were not forthcoming, and I fretted still more, knowing that they were piling up. "Doctor," I begged, "can't we cut down on expenses, somehow? I don't need these private nurses. I can't afford them."

"Don't worry," he soothed me, "there's nothing to worry about."

But I kept on worrying till at last, to make me stop, he got Marion's consent to tell me that she had made herself responsible for all my hospital bills from the moment I entered the place to the moment I left—four months in all. "Only you must promise," he said, "not to mention it to her. She doesn't want to be thanked."

WE SPEND every Christmas with Marion—my son and I. Last Christmas the holiday party included children of other friends as well. The children's gifts were brought from home and piled together under the huge tree,

to be added to substantially by Marion. As we were trimming the tree, she drew me aside.

"Jim has no bicycle," she informed me.

"But don't be silly, Marion," I protested. "He has loads of things. He has everything he asked for."

"He hasn't a bicycle," she insisted, "and the others have."

"But he doesn't *want* a bicycle," I cried wildly. "He wouldn't know what to do with a bicycle."

"Every youngster wants a bicycle," stated Marion and went to the 'phone. How she did it, I haven't the faintest idea. It was Christmas Eve and all the shops were closed. But next morning there was a bicycle under the Christmas tree for Jim, because Marion knew what a youngster wanted even though he had not asked for it.

Her friends protect her as best they can against her own generosity. They have learned that they dare not admire anything she owns. For if you say to her, "What a pretty dress!" or "That's a lovely pin you're wearing," you will find that you might just as well have said: "Please give it to me." Her eyes light up with what we have come to recognize as the "take-it" gleam. "I really don't care much about it," she will tell you. "I hardly ever wear it. I just happened to put the thing on, and I don't suppose I'll ever use it again. Won't you please take it?" She sounds so plausible that maybe the first time you do take it. If you refuse, you're likely to find it waiting for you at home when you get there.

When it has happened once too often, and you protest—truly and sincerely protest—because, after all, you have to draw the line somewhere, she comes as near impatience as I have ever seen her. "What difference does it make?" I have heard her exclaim. "I have more than I'll ever be able to use. Nobody knows what's going to happen tomorrow. I can't take these things away with me when I go. Why grudge me the fun of giving them away while I'm here?" So there's nothing you can do but keep your eyes carefully averted from Marion's belongings, and your mouth carefully shut.

THERE are times, though, when even her generous spirit balks; or rather, when her sound common sense tells her that generosity is no longer a kindness.

"Do you know So-and-So?" she asked me not long ago, naming a man who had been at the top of the heap and was now near the bottom.

"The last time I heard of him," I told her, "he was in jail."

"He was in jail the last *three* times I heard of him," she informed me calmly. "I've never met the man, but one of his friends asked me to get him out, so I did. Now he's in again, and it's



Acme

Eileen Percy (above) gives, in this story, the most complete, convincing word-picture of Marion Davies yet published

going to cost five hundred this time. Not that I mind giving him the five hundred, but—I don't know—" she said thoughtfully. "Maybe it would be best for him to stay in this once."

In small things as in big, she has what I once heard called an educated heart.

But trying to describe Marion through a series of isolated instances is like trying to build a shining tower with a brick or two. It can't be done—at any rate, not by me. Yet there is one story I must add, because it is perhaps the most characteristic of all.

On a visit to New York I was doing some shopping and bought myself a pair of sandals. Suddenly I thought: "Marion likes sandals and these are cute. I'll send her a couple of pairs." She wore those sandals ragged. She couldn't be persuaded to part with them till they parted with her—literally dropped from her feet. "I know they're shabby," she would say, "but they're like old friends. I hate to see them go." She liked them, I'm sure—but she didn't like them that much. She wore them threadbare because I had given them to her, and because she knew how much pleasure it gave me to see her wear them.

Long ago I learned to know her for what she is—the most thoughtful, the most selfless, the most understanding and tolerant person in the world. If there is another like her anywhere, then I can only congratulate that other's friends on being as fortunate as I am. She has so much to give, and she gives it so bountifully. What can you do in return but love her?—love her and give her a pair of sandals, and she will cherish both gifts as though they were precious jewels, because they come from a friend.



"In no other napkin can you find these exclusive Kotex features"

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

"CAN'T CHAFE"

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.



"CAN'T FAIL"

Security at all times...Kotex assures it! A special channeled center guides moisture the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk. Ends twisting. The Kotex filler is 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



"CAN'T SHOW"

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.



And Now!

3 TYPES OF KOTEX

to suit different women
and for different days

Each type offers all of the exclusive
Kotex features

NOW a way has been found to give you greater comfort at times when comfort means so much.

There are certain days when you require more protection than on others. That's why the Kotex Laboratories developed three different types of Kotex... the *Regular*, the *Junior* (slightly narrower), and *Super* which offers extra protection.

Select Kotex, day by day, according to your own personal needs, perhaps one type for today, another for tomorrow. Some women may need all three types of Kotex. Discover for yourself what a difference this can make in your comfort and protection.



IN THE BLUE BOX
Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX
Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower—is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.



IN THE BROWN BOX
Super Kotex

For more protection on some days it's only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. That's Super Kotex! It gives you that extra protection, yet is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

QUEST

the Positive Deodorant
Powder for
Personal Daintiness

The perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex... and for every need! Quest is a dainty, soothing powder, safe to use. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex—only 35c.



How Carole Lombard's Clothes Match Her Moods

[Continued from page 45]



and a low-placed roll in back. You cannot help but be a poised young person, who looks as if she had the "classic" answer to everything.

But the scene changes and the mood with it. There is a blue sky melting against a still bluer sea. And you want to be in your *gayest mood*—in beach clothes that are terribly smart, but not too studied. For that, Travis suggests blue and white polka-dotted shorts. And an ankle-length white coat lined with the blue and white material. If you wear a cape or coat that hits your bare legs somewhere in the calf, the effect is far from attractive.

And, before you go out, scrub your face! Yes, actually. The "lustrous look" is *the* thing at the shore this season. If your face is very dry, rub on a little nourishing cream and let it stay. Instead of lip rouge, use pomade on your mouth to protect it from the sun. And the most exciting thing of all is that last-minute scheme of Carole's. She sprinkles gardenia oil in a lukewarm bath. Enough of the oil clings to the skin to guard it against an overdose of sunburn and the subtle fragrance is delightful.

● ALMOST every girl has a flair for "the modern manner," but Banton considers it the most overdone.

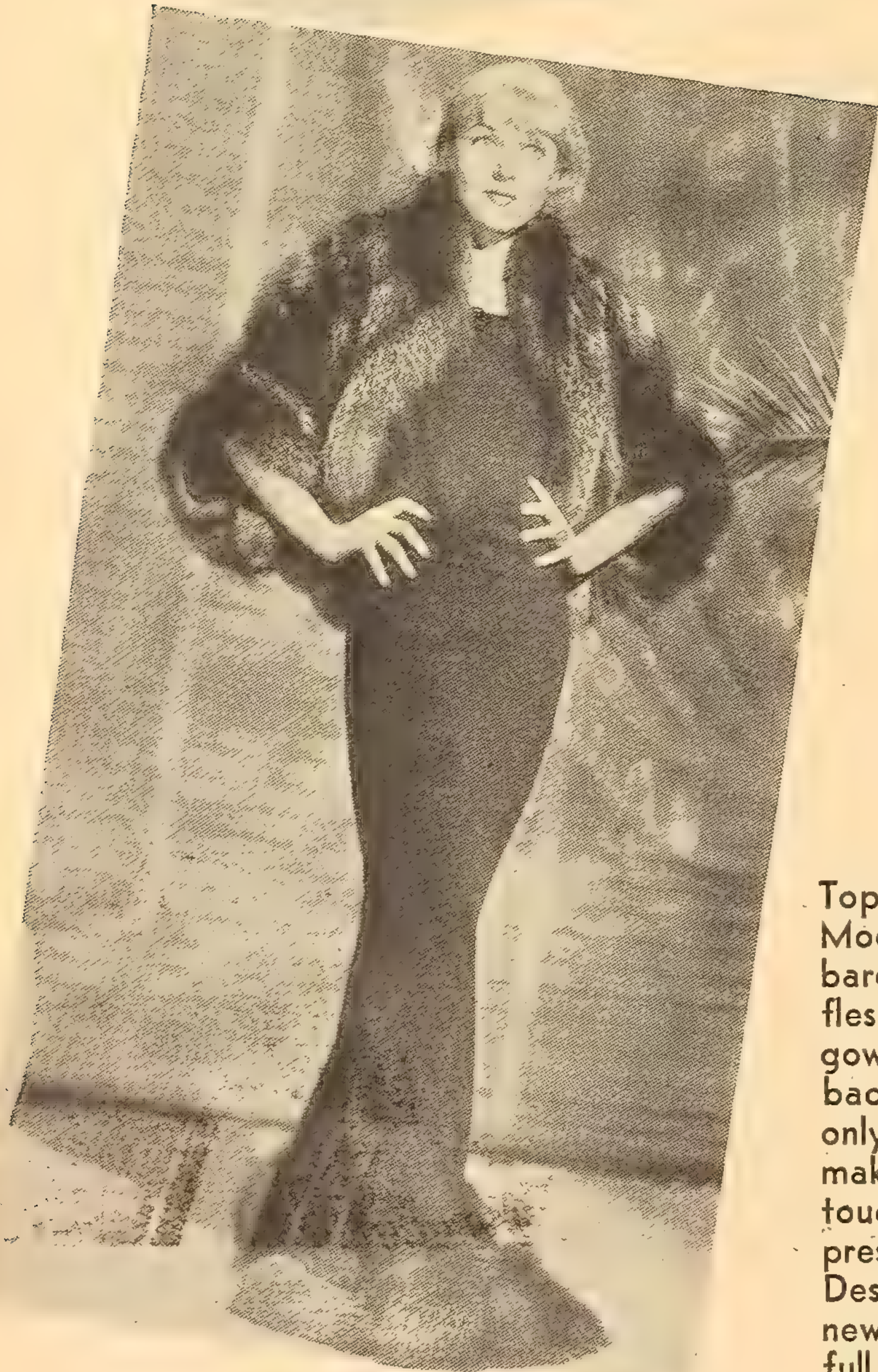
"It's so easy for a girl to overstep the line and harden her looks when she is in a *sophisticated mood*," the designer points out. "Sophistication must be done with great care and an eye to complete harmony. This is what I mean: I made a very sleek, flesh-colored satin gown for Miss Lombard, the kind that looked as if it had been molded on her. There were bands crossing in front and a sable collar. She parted her hair in the center and drew it back severely and tightly, permitting it to curl out only at the ends. And because her hair was swept back like that, she made up her mouth much more fully than usual. (For a sophisticated effect, you see, the accent *must* be on the eyes, the lips, and the line of the dress.) And again, instead of black, she used dark brown eyebrow pencil. It is subtle touches like these that spell the difference between real sophistication and attempts at it."

And it is worth doing well, because nothing gives a girl such a sense of power as a dramatization of feminine wisdom.

Ah, but you have a new beau. And that is another story . . . For once, you don't care a whoop about being smart or chic. You want to be downright pretty! You are in your *most feminine mood*. So you put on something soft and preferably pastelish, for this is decidedly not the time to wear anything bright or too surprising. Next, you set about making your face as heart-shaped and dewy-eyed as possible.

Using Carole as a model, you may part your hair in the center—but this time you will draw it oh-so-gently to the sides and let it fluff there. You will keep your lips moist and natural-looking. The sparkle in your eyes should be something to write home about—and five minutes' rest with eye-pads before you go downstairs will

Top, in a Sophisticated Mood, Carole Lombard wears a sleek, flesh-colored satin gown. Her hair is drawn back severely, curling only at the ends. Her make-up has subtle touches. Left, she expresses a Woman-of-Destiny Mood in the new silhouette, with full flare in the skirt below the knees



do the trick." Don't make the mistake, though, of shadowing your lids too much. A slight darkening at the eyelash line suffices beautifully. Then step out softly and hope for the best!

● SOMEHOW, no one thinks of the luscious Lombard going into a "small girl" mood. But when she does, brave men weaken. They do with practically every woman. Something about that freshly wholesome school-girl-look tugs at the male heart strings, particularly if they're used to thinking of you as a more woman-of-the-world type.

Those little Breton sailors make it extremely easy to slip into this mood. So do the short swaggerish coats and round-colored frocks. And the make-up is almost as easy as dreaming about it. You use a very small amount of lipstick—and, if you are blonde like Carole, will do the ingenious thing by applying a pale rose shade of that new liquid rouge that is the consistency of a lotion. *Put it all over the cheeks with cotton* so that it is perfectly blended; then apply powder. It will make you look distractingly sweet. A toilet water of an outdoorish fragrance like heliotrope or geranium is the thing to use. And arrange your hair with a studied carelessness.

What a twist of the comb can do to hair—the change it can make in a girl's appearance—is intriguing. And Walter Westmore is up on all the newest twists. For example, the same haircut that made you seem a pert seventeen under your Breton hat can—when it is more tightly waved, combed and brilliantined—alter you into a 1935 siren!

A dazzling, dangerous siren—if you supplement it with

the right cosmetics and gown. But, warns Travis Banton, be very careful not to be obvious in this *enchantress mood*. The modern alluring lady *à la* Lombard does not go in for leopard skins and slanted lids. On the contrary, she even borrows some of the ingénue's gestures—like a net frou-frou around the neck. Only hers is flame-colored, and she wears it over the low décolletage of a molded gown.

Her perfume is frankly alluring. She draws in her lips fully and roundly with lipstick of the new dark purplish-red cast, and the polish on her fingernails matches it. Her eyebrow pencil and mascara are a deep black, her eyeshadow a glorious violet shade that speaks of Paris and cosmopolitan living. As a finishing touch, she uses wistaria evening powder that is the last word in powders. Then she sets forth to conquer.

● "I BELIEVE the most effective dress I have ever made for Miss Lombard is that thin black crêpe in a draped silhouette you will be seeing everywhere in the fall and in 1936," said Travis. This he designed for her "going places" mood.

Carole, herself, considers it the smartest gown she has ever owned. She wore it in a picture, then had it copied in two versions for her own use. "It's a luxurious restaurant frock," she explained, "the sort of thing I'd wear if I were dining with some fascinating older man. The slit skirt and separate panels give me utter freedom for dancing. The hat is in perfect keeping with a dining-out mood; it is fascinating and amusing—a crêpe turban trimmed with feathers that make a half frame for the face."

The fur and feathers are so [Continued on page 75]

JOHNNIE GOES PLACES!

Johnnie Goes to the Boat Races,
June 1935

"Call for
PHILIP MORRIS"

America's Finest 15 Cent Cigarette

Ginger Rogers—Past, Present and Future

[Continued from page 39]

Free!

**THIS LOVELY NEW
MAKE-UP MIRROR**

**Given to Induce
You to Try
YEAST FOAM
TABLETS**

... the dry health
yeast that brings
quicker relief from
constipation, indi-
gestion and skin
troubles.



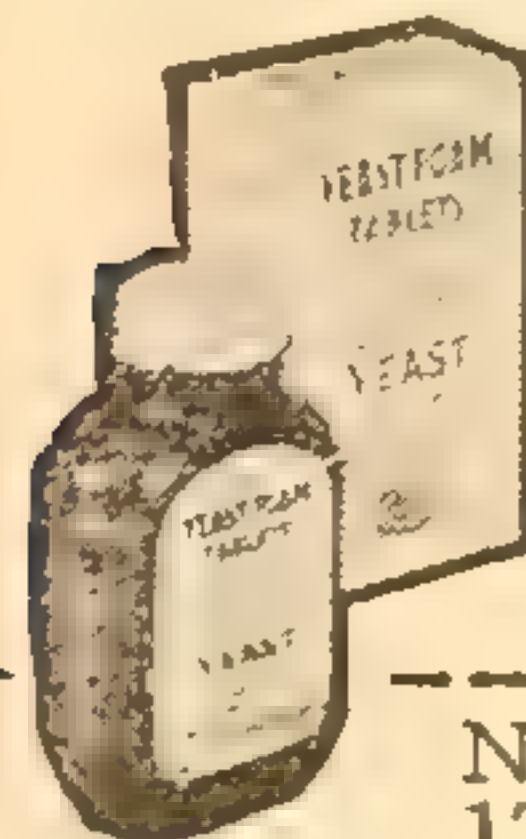
YOU'LL be delighted with this new kind of mirror that you can get absolutely free with a purchase of Yeast Foam Tablets. It's tilted at an angle so that you get a perfect close-up of your face without having to hunch way over your dressing table.

Set it anywhere and have both hands free to put on cream or make-up comfortably. Women say it's one of the grandest beauty helps they've ever seen. Send the coupon, with an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton, for your mirror now before the supply is exhausted.

This offer is made to induce you to try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern yeast that gives greater health benefits because it's dry.

Scientists have recently discovered that dry yeast, as a source of vitamin B, is approximately twice as valuable as fresh, moist yeast! In carefully controlled tests, subjects fed dry yeast gained almost twice as fast as those given the moist, fresh type.

Get quicker relief from indigestion, constipation and related skin troubles with Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll really enjoy their appetizing nut-like taste. And they'll never cause gas or discomfort because they are pasteurized. At all druggists.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton.
Please send me the handy new tilted make-up
mirror.

FG 9-35

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

and to Lew, who had been bombarding her with wires and telephone calls. Together, they went to Ginger's mother; Lew said, "Ginger and I want to be married. But we don't want a typical movie wedding. We want just a quiet, simple church ceremony, with our closest friends there." And that was how they were married.

They had planned a sea honeymoon, but picture demands on both of them prevented their taking one. Except for a short boat cruise a few months ago, they haven't yet had a honeymoon. But they still are planning one.

"We want to honeymoon in Europe," Ginger told me, "and we expect to be gone three months. Lew has been over, but I never have. Now, nothing is going to stop us." By the time you read this, they will have gone on their long-awaited trip.

Press photographers have resented the fact that Ginger and Lew have permitted no photographs of the interior of their home. Ginger explains: "It's a house we rented furnished. I didn't select or buy a single stick of the furniture in it. I don't want us to be photographed with furniture not our own. When we build, which will be soon, we'll furnish the new home ourselves and then the doors will be wide open to the press boys. It will really be *our* home."

PERHAPS the greatest thrill for Ginger in her new stardom is that it justifies the faith her mother has shown in her, all through the years. Mrs. Lela Rogers is a very clever woman, well known as a writer and producer of Little Theatre plays. In the early days of the movies, she wrote scripts for and helped to direct child stars of that day. She had a way with children—with beginners in every form. And when she had a child of her own, she knew how to develop whatever talents the child showed. Ginger's talent seemed to be dancing. Her mother encouraged it.

But she had seen too many one-talent successes quickly become one-talent failures to be content that Ginger should become just a dancer. She saw, with the practiced eye of a talent judge, that Ginger had personality. In a hundred little ways, she set out to make the expression of that personality the most natural thing in the world. When the youngster showed signs of self-consciousness, she taught her all the beauty aids that she, herself, knew (and Mrs. Rogers is a lovely woman); she gave her beauty-building exercises that were disguised as games; she watched the child's diet carefully and gave her the benefit of regular

hours of sleep. Beauty was the result. She encouraged healthy romping and athletic activities of all kinds; she encouraged reading, to give her a love for drama; she interested her in acting as home, little playlets that she had written. So that when Ginger entered that Charleston contest in Dallas, she already had "stage presence." She was ready to go on from there.

She was offered an engagement with a vaudeville act in which all that she had to do was the Charleston. She clicked. Then, fired with ambition, she decided to branch out—to appear in a song-and-dance routine by herself. The act opened in Memphis, Tennessee, in a theatre that was half-empty, with the small audience too sleepy or blasé to applaud. Her mother, in the back of the theatre watching the act, heard the house manager say that Ginger was "terrible" and that he was going backstage, tell her so, and wire for a substitute.

"Mother and I had no money to get back home," reminisces Ginger. "We had spent every cent getting my costumes ready and traveling to Memphis. But Mother always was resourceful and she proved it this time in a big way. She fairly flew backstage and grabbed me. Then she hustled me out of the stage door and onto the first trolley that came along.

"You see, if the manager did not succeed in notifying me that I was through before I did my second show, he had to pay me my week's salary if he closed me out. So Mother kept me out until just time for me to go on for my second show and then rushed me through the stage door and down to the first entrance. Of course, she had not told me anything except that she wanted me to relax after my first performance.

"As luck would have it, the house had filled up with young people from the high schools and college, and my act was a riot. They called me back again and again. By getting me a second chance, Mother had saved the day. It is possible that if I had been closed out that day, I might never have gone on with my stage career."

GINGER would have you think that luck explains her ever winning recognition. That's like Ginger. But you know differently—about the explanations.

There are some other things that you may *not* know about her. She would like to play the rôle of *Queen Elizabeth* (who also was redheaded), but admits herself still too young. Her real name is Virginia. She likes greens, browns, and blues best. Her favorite authors are Dumas, Maug-

[Continued on page 71]

Chicago beauty says of Listerine Tooth Paste:

“I like the sheen and lustre it gives my teeth”



M*odels are careful* about what products they use. They have to be; on their good looks their livelihood depends. Once they approve a product, particularly a tooth paste, you may be sure it is first rate.

Like so many other professional beauties, Miss Catherine Weary, former Chicago society girl, is enthusiastic over Listerine Tooth Paste.

“A real beauty aid,” says Miss Weary, “and so refreshing to the mouth. I like the quick, thorough way it attacks discolorations and cleans teeth. I like the wonderful sheen and lustre it seems to give my teeth. It is such a comfort, too, to know that it cannot injure

delicate enamel.”

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. More than three million people have discovered the advantages of this modern dentifrice. In two sizes: Regular large, 25¢. Double size, 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

LARGE SIZE **25¢**

DOUBLE SIZE **40¢**

TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER • 2½ oz. 25¢

WARREN WILLIAM

PREFERS

NATURAL LIPS

UNUSUAL TEST SHOWS



HERE'S WHAT WARREN WILLIAM SAW



Popular star picks Tangee lips in interesting test

● That patrician manner of Warren William would set almost any heart aflutter. And when he, too, prefers natural lips to the painted kind, isn't it enough to make *you* want to use Tangee?

For Tangee will never, never make you look painted. It can't. For the simple reason that it *isn't paint*. Based on the magic Tangee color principle Tangee is an orange lipstick that *changes, on your lips*, to the one shade most becoming to you. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Tangee comes in two sizes... 39c and \$1.10, or send 10 cents for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● Warren William playing in "The Case of the Curious Bride", a First National picture, makes lipstick test.

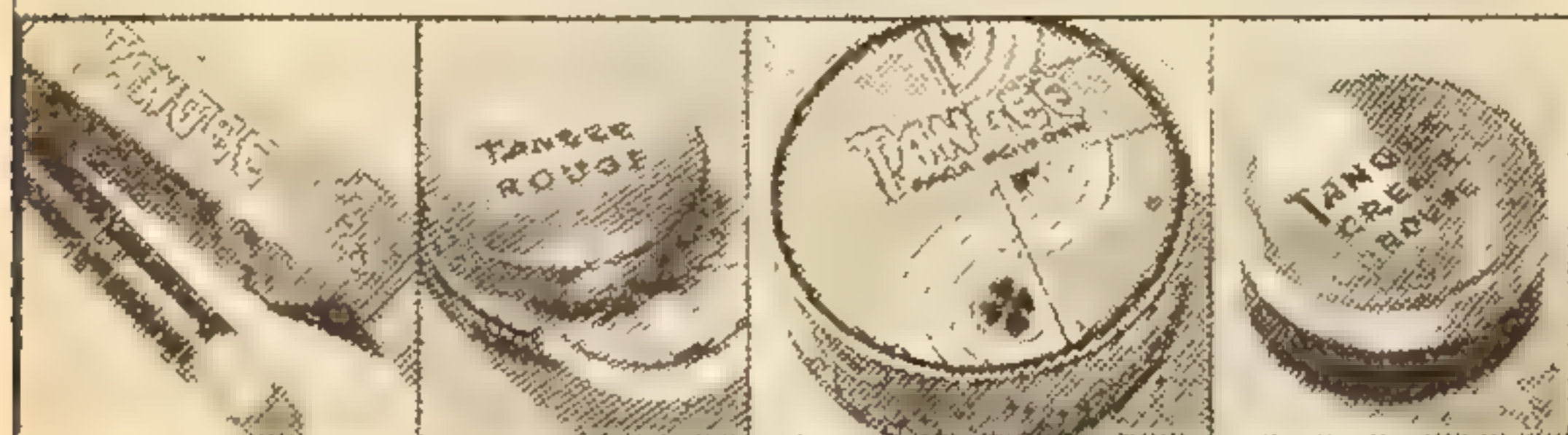


World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE
WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL
BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES
OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F95
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin), 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Nelson Eddy Women Want to Know

[Continued from page 29]

past occurrences, no more interesting than life has been for him in Hollywood since film success overtook him. Hollywood females are not exactly unaware of the Eddy attractions. They lay all sorts of snares for him. And, confidentially, of course, we think he rather likes it. It's fun, after all, to be the pawn for beautiful women to fight over . . . and pardon our mixed metaphors.

ONE dazzling charmer, according to newspaper gossip columns (and that's where you will see the names, right out in cold print, of the Eddy conquests . . . since we were gagged by honor not to print them), wagered that she would be dancing with Nelson Eddy in ten days—just give her time. And she won the bet, to Mr. Eddy's chagrin. He really thought she liked him for himself alone. And there she was making game of him.

It was fun to watch her tactics, though, Eddy admits. She appeared (unexpectedly) at a luncheon date with a mutual friend. Eddy, like a lamb led to slaughter, or, for an operatic simile, as a Samson with his scissored Delilah, asked her if she would enjoy a movie some night. She would. Then, after having motion-pictured, if she would like a bite to eat. She would. After that, the strains of the orchestra were so tantalizing that he asked her to dance. ("I don't dance at all well," he admitted, seriously, "but I like to dance.") And there she was, wager won, waltzing around the floor in the arms of Nelson Eddy. It made a swell story for the gossip columnists. Eddy was a bit chagrined. He thought she was a very pleasant girl.

SHY, lonely, as he has confessed, this occurrence probably did not help his spiritual ease. But it has not put an end to his quest for the ideal girl—a quest that is normal to any home-loving bachelor who would like to marry a girl of whom he may be proud.

But hard work, instead of shyness, will keep Eddy from meeting her, if anything conspires to do so. Eddy has always been willing to do more than his share of toil. He was never too busy to learn an extra oratorio in the days when he was striving for concert success. Today there are just as many busy obstacles to romance. The living room of his Beverly Hills home (where he dwells with his mother) is crowded, not with gay friends, but with sound recording equipment to help in his film singing. It's not at all conducive to parlor romance.

"I go out every other night in the week, dining, dancing, and still I am lonely," says Eddy, in sudden confidence. "The only way I can forget how alone I

seem to be is to get busy on a new musical score. That, to me, is the finest recreation in the world. That's why I am a singer.

"IT ISN'T only loneliness that gets me, but shyness. You may not believe this, but I am very shy. Last night I took a young actress to dinner at the Russian Eagle Café and there we sat, the two of us. I had ordered *bortsch* and *blini* and *pirojiki* and *baked Alaska*, and all the specialties on the menu, just like a man of the world, and there we sat, like a boy and girl from the country, wondering what to talk about.

"Do you know that when I left the party Louis B. Mayer gave to Director W. S. Van Dyke, Hunt Stromberg, Miss MacDonald, and others who contributed to the making of *Naughty Marietta*, I drove to the top of Beverly Crest and watched the dawn come. I sat there trying to realize that at last I had a film to my credit, after all the waiting. And with the friendly comments of the members of the party still ringing in my ears, I never felt more alone. I often go up to that mountain top and just sit there, glad to be away from the constant ringing of the 'phone, the countless demands that are made upon me since the picture clicked. I watch the automobiles, like ants, and the people, like pin points, racing about. It's only then, high above them, that I can reassemble myself and become Nelson Eddy, a fairly peaceful fellow."

At the moment he is scheduled to make a second picture-opera with the fair, vivacious Jeanette MacDonald. But first he is likely to be singing with Grace Moore in *Rose Marie*.

SOMETIMES he gets to wondering if he would be an ideal husband to his ideal girl. He is the kind of man who is forever putting off visiting the barber until next week; he has a horror of sleeping in stuffy, warm rooms, under heavy, cumbersome blankets. What, he wonders, if the woman he marries insists that he have his hair trimmed every week, and likes a hot-house temperature for her nocturnal slumbers? Then, too, he broods, he has a habit of tossing his clothes about the room. Would she like that?

Would she understand him as well as does his mother, who feeds him his favorite plain, simple foods, doesn't try to make griddle cakes or pies for him (the hired cook makes better!), and would she be as entirely worshipful as Sheba, his English sheep puppy, given him by Miss MacDonald? Mr. Eddy doesn't know. And it's no use telling the ladies not to take it up with him in lavish letters. You'll probably do it anyway.

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

*Sunny Golden Hair—
Arms and Legs Alluringly Smooth*

Make nature's own allurements *your* secrets of charm and attractiveness. Gain captivating appeal with natural-looking hair—smooth, blonde, silky arms and legs. Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. And notice how your friends admire your fresh, bright appearance.

BLONDES:—If your hair is dark, faded or streaked, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to restore its natural golden beauty. Marchand's imparts sunny radiance to dull-looking hair, secretly and successfully.

BRUNETTES:—Make your hair more alluring. Impart fascinating highlights, a glowing sheen to your dark hair. Or lighten dark or fading hair any natural shade of bloneness desired. (You can do this as quickly as overnight with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Or gradually, if you prefer, over a period of weeks or months.)

BLONDES and BRUNETTES:—Have arms and legs seductively smooth. Don't risk "superfluous" hair removal. Whether on face, arms or legs, use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to blend "superfluous" hair with *your* skin coloring and *add* to your dainty attractiveness.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package can be purchased at your drugstore. Start using Marchand's for head, legs or arms. *Today.*

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE! A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. (See coupon below.)

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH,
251 West 19th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ M.P. 935

Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING
WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

says DOROTHY HAMILTON
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood



Dorothy Hamilton, heard every Sunday afternoon in the
"Maybelline Penthouse Serenade" over N. B. C. network

NOTICE your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, her eyes express her. More than any other feature, your eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive . . . and it is so easy to make them so, instantly, with the pure and harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



BLACK
BROWN
BLUE



BLACK OR BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY
VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE
BRISTLES



All Maybelline Preparations
have this approval

Handy Hints

from Hollywood

BY MARIAN RHEA

SOAP AND WATER are the best things in the world for cleaning Oriental rugs, according to Miriam Hopkins of the blue eyes and yellow hair. She may not look domestic, but she has two homes—one in Hollywood and one in New York—that she keeps in the spickest and span-est of condition.

The procedure she follows is to have her small rugs thoroughly scrubbed in a tubful of sudsy water, then hung on the clothesline, equally thoroughly rinsed with water from the garden hose, and left to hang in the wind and sun until dry.

Miriam has her larger rugs taken out on the lawn and scrubbed with a brush, then rinsed with the hose and left on the line to dry.

* * *

Deep-fat frying is more healthful than other frying methods, according to Norma Shearer, who is almost an authority on food-preparing practices. And so, she says, no kitchen is complete without two or three frying baskets to eliminate the old and bothersome method of spearing doughnuts, fritters, and croquettes with a long-tined fork.

* * *

Bette Davis has a new use for the lowly hairpin—a kitchen use! Buy a package of medium-sized hairpins and use one every time you want to seed cherries. The way you do it is to gouge out the seed with the curved end of the hairpin, at the point where the stem protrudes.

* * *

The idea isn't new, but old friends are often the best, after all . . . Meaning Minna Gombell's kitchen stool, which is also a stepladder. Firm and compact, it does away with that old, precarious balancing on a chair, plus a couple of books necessary to reach inaccessible shelves. Also, these stools are fine to keep away that tired feeling while performing any variety of kitchen duties.

* * *

For comfort, as well as other reasons, dainty women are favoring now, as never before, those remarkable articles called "Peds," which have solved at last the problem of going bare-legged without irritation to sensitive feet. "Peds" are stockingettes that keep the feet coolly protected from hot shoe leather and still do not show above the top of even the lowest cut pump. They also can be worn under or over stockings to minimize friction and thus save wearing as well as adding comfort.

* * *

Scatter rugs have their place in

every house, but a carefully planned place—usually NOT the living room or dining room. One reason is because a larger rug offers a richer and more spacious effect. There is also that undeniable fact that small rugs often "skid" most embarrassingly and often uncomfortably, if used on a slick floor.



Minna Gombell doesn't need Alpine technique to reach the topmost shelf. She has a stool-stepladder!

All of this is pointed out by Clara Kimball Young—you remember her?—who is working in Columbia Pictures. She has just had some new rugs—big ones—made from several of her smaller ones that were beginning to wear out. The Olson Company of Chicago, New York, and San Francisco, did it. Making new rugs from old ones is the Olson Company's *forte*. You send them a certain number of pounds of rugs or other woollen odds and ends and get in return a brand-new and beautiful rug, its size depending on the amount of material you have sent them. These rugs are made in any proportions you want.

* * *

Sometimes, instead of cutting string beans in pieces, it is a nice variation just to remove the strings, tie the whole beans in bunches with a cord and cook that way in salted water. When ready to serve, clip the cords and serve in bundles, like asparagus. It's done in Hollywood restaurants!

Ginger Rogers—Past, Present and Future

[Continued from page 66]

ham, and Katharine Brush. Emeralds are her favorite jewels.

Elated as she is over being starred by herself in her new picture, she has the greatest enthusiasm for working with Fred Astaire. She says that dancing with him is every bit as enjoyable and exciting as it looks—even though they rehearse for hours.

Ginger and Lew still do not go in for the bright-light side of Hollywood social life. They spend most of their evenings at home, where their most frequent guests are such members of the old *All Quiet on the Western Front* gang as Ben Alexander, Russell Gleason and William Bakewell. They take parts in the 16-mm. film which Lew is directing and photographing and for which he builds the sets. In the film, Ginger plays the feminine characters. (And always bakes a cake for the picture-makers.)

But let us look at Ginger's future. What will the next few years bring?

Friends and strangers alike predict continued happiness for Ginger and Lew—whose love grew out of friendship, not infatuation.

Bernard Newman predicts that she, more than any other star, will soon set the styles that girls everywhere will follow.

Producers predict that she will find even greater fame as a dancing-singing heroine and as a clever comedienne—and, moreover, will become a dramatic actress on occasion.

And some day she may do the rôle that she most wants to do: *Queen Elizabeth*.

Undeniably, there is a great future before Ginger Rogers. Great parts in great films.



(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs — perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

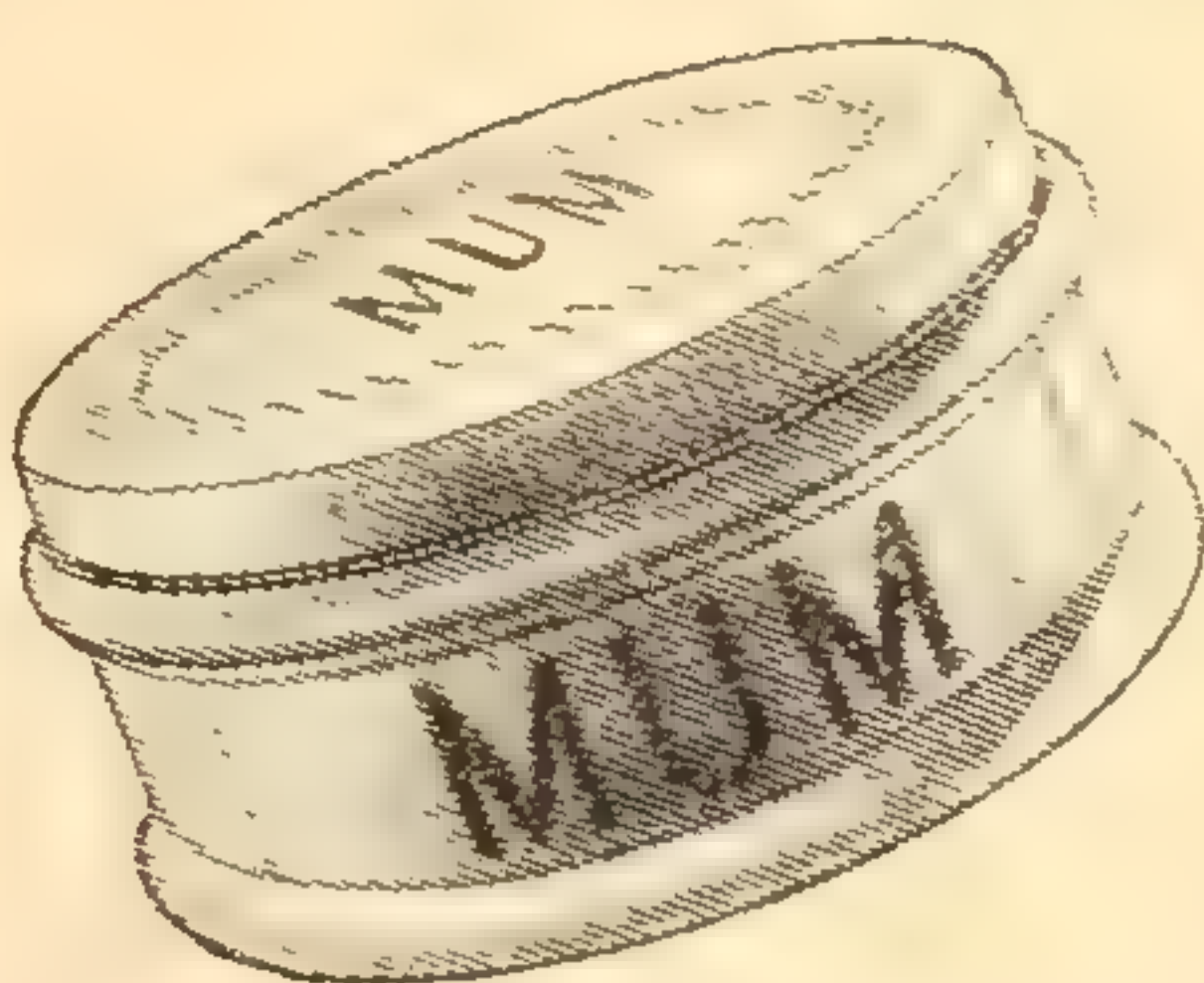
That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time — even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the odor of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



**MUM TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!

Movie Classic for September, 1935

What!



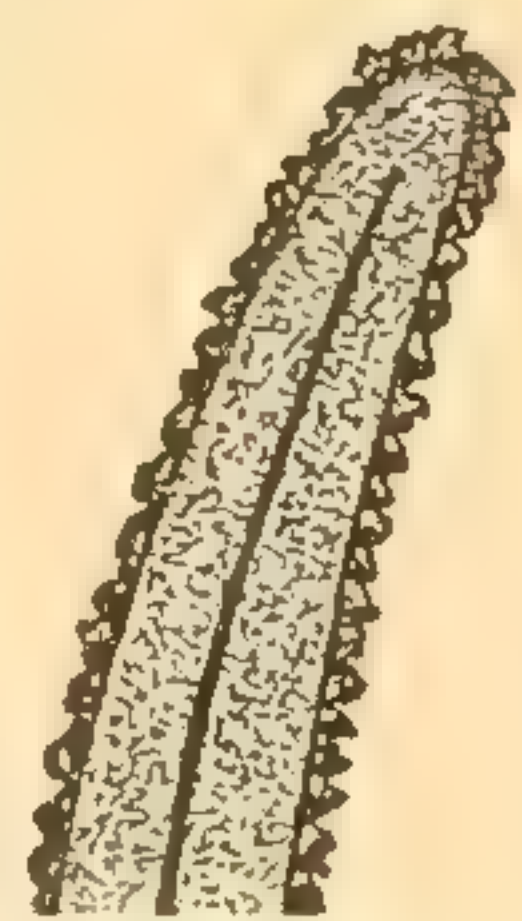
SHAMPOO THE HAIR *Without* SUDS?



Yes, foremost Beauticians advise
this **SOAPLESS Oil Shampoo**
for a truly beautiful head of hair

NOTE TRIAL OFFER BELOW

Are you still using old shampoo methods? Still working up a lather; and rinsing your hair endlessly—only to find it growing duller, darker, more lifeless? Then a delightful surprise is awaiting you... A single shampoo with Mar-O-Oil will amaze you. Your hair will instantly become soft and wavy. The true color will glow with a beautiful warmth. A lovely sheen will make alluring highlights dance in your hair. And, if you are bothered with dandruff, watch what happens to it! Mar-O-Oil makes this startling change because it is actually a super shampoo, scalp treatment, and tonic ALL IN ONE. Yet it is easier to apply, easier to rub in, and easier to rinse out... Get a bottle of Mar-O-Oil from your drug or department store. If you do not find it the finest shampoo you have ever used, your money will be refunded in full. Or, mail the coupon with 10c, in stamps or coin, for a regular sized 25c bottle. If you have your hair done at a Beauty Parlor, ask for a Mar-O-Oil Shampoo your next visit.



Magnified hair shaft showing dirt film left on it after improper shampoo.



Magnified hair shaft shampooed with Mar-O-Oil. Note how clean. Not a trace of dirt film left.

* MAR-O-OIL *Soapless* OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

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Hollywood's Heart Problems—and Yours

[Continued from page 15]

rent. That is the only human contact you have. Probably you do a little starving because there's nobody to help you out. It's great for the figure, but hard on the health. Still, you feel you could stand it if you just had someone to talk with you.

"That's why it is so much better to go to a club. There are recreation rooms downstairs where you can meet other girls. Very possibly some of them will be able to give you tips about getting a position. They hear of openings. They tell you. And before you know it you have a job! Then somebody's Aunt Jane gives a party and you really begin to get acquainted."

THAT suggestion of Binnie's is the best one possible. I wish I could tell you about some of the pitiful cases that come to me—about the desperate things girls are driven to do by loneliness. Only too often a lovely girl imagines herself in love with the first man who pays attention to her. She accepts his advances because she is so afraid of losing him. And soon another young life is ruined. . . . Be patient and go a little slowly about masculine friendships. There are plenty of fine young fellows just as eager to meet a sweet, decent girl as she is to meet them—and they are worth waiting for.

I think that the most difficult situation an attractive girl has to face is when her employer becomes infatuated with her. Fortunately, this is not so common as novelists would lead us to believe. Men, as a rule, take women at their own valuation and if a girl carries herself with the right amount of self-respect, her "boss" won't be apt to overstep the mark. But if he does—what should she do? She needs her job. If she's a newcomer to town, there is no one to whom she can turn.

"I found myself in that situation once," said Binnie. "And I laughed my way out of it. . . . That, I discovered, is much more effective than getting furious or standing on dignity. Nothing cools a man's fervor so quickly as having fun poked at it. Diplomatically, you understand, or you'll find yourself fired!

"Another girl I knew, a regal blonde, had a neat way. She would look bored and yawn slightly. 'Sorry, Mr. ———,' she would say, 'but you're the fifth man this morning who has tried to hold my hand!' And she would smile forgivingly—and walk out.

"Of course, as Lillian Russell said, 'it's more a matter of getting the right man than escaping the wrong one!' I have just played the part of Lillian Russell in *Diamond Jim*, which explains how I know. She was a small-town girl, too. She was born in Clinton, Iowa, and went to New York where she became the most popular woman of the Gay Nineties. Wide

popularity was a feat in those days. Today, if a girl is *not* popular, it's pretty much her own fault. She has everything on her side.

"FOR very little money she can attend an evening dancing class and learn to become a really good dancer—and a really sought-after person. Or she can work up her game of tennis or bridge so that people will always be asking her to make a fourth. And what if she hasn't had the opportunity of going to college? Why should that spoil her fun when it's so easy to read up on a subject? You can find out anything through the books in a public library."

Binnie herself spent a great many evenings at the library during those first days in London—chiefly because it was warm and it was a handy place for resting. After a while she grew absorbed in the books. So much so that three years afterward, when she met the man she later married, he found her not only amusing and witty, but wonderfully well informed. People who did not know her thought it amazing that Samuel Joseph, the most noted collector of rare books in England, should become so interested in a little nightclub hostess. To those who knew her it was not at all strange. For Binnie had spent her spare time well.

I have little sympathy for the girl who feels that life has cheated her because she isn't getting anywhere. What is she *doing* to get somewhere? Usually, she doesn't do anything except talk about it. She makes no attempt to improve her appearance or her mind. Perhaps she has visions of being a high-priced confidential secretary—but she would laugh if you suggested a course at night-school to help her reach that end. Binnie went to night-school and joined classes in playwriting and public speaking. It intrigued Mr. Joseph when he found this out. This girl was interesting. . . .

The truth is, girls hope to find interesting men, but half the time they forget to make *themselves* interesting! The city offers them every assistance. It's kind and friendly and full of treasures—if you know where to look for them.

TROUBLED?

What is your own personal heart problem? Wouldn't you like someone to help you solve it—someone warmly sympathetic who has found the right answers for hundreds of others? Write to Margaret Dixie, c/o MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—and tell her what problem you, personally, would like her to discuss. Your letter will be held in the strictest confidence.

Things That Help!

Perhaps you are one of the thousands of girls who have been trying to find out how Hollywood stars get that *lustrous* look to their faces. I know! There is a new shiny make-up for evening, and for tanned skins. There are shades for Titians, Brunettes, and Blondes, and the company sponsoring it has also developed the correct shades of lipstick, rouge and eyeshadow to go with this radiant make-up.

Are you one of the many girls who feel they could be beautiful if they did not have some sort of scar or birthmark on their faces . . . and now suffer tortures of self-consciousness? I have seen a new product that will absolutely cover such marks on your face and give you the same effect as skillful make-up on a flawless face. It's a perfect god-send in the way of cosmetics, and a rare blessing to girls who have always hated the misfortune of some facial blemish. It won't even come off when you're in swimming. It is absolutely harmless to use and sells for \$3 a bottle.

There's a new soft-tone powder that is natural looking, alluringly scented, and lasts unusually long on the face. It gives you that new "unpowdered" look that is so important in the modern technique of make-up. Here are the shades in which it is offered: ivory, flesh, or pink, natural, rachel, and brunette. Can you believe that the price is only 50c?

Are you sure you are protecting yourself against the perspiration odors that are so damning in the summer? There's a delightful deodorant cream that does two things: it banishes odors, and it softens the skin under arms, leaving the armpits as white and smooth as a baby's. It is harmless; it acts immediately; it will not stain the clothes.

The allure of perfumes! Want to know the name of one that makes you think of summer gardens full of madonna lilies, bluebells, and heliotrope? One that is like the perfume of a sweet-scented summer day? One that smells like a whole world of flowers? And that sells for only \$1.10?

And a lipstick that blends perfectly with the present vogue for tan make-up with a rosy tone . . . and that gives your lips that attractive moist look that is so youthful and so Hollywoodish! It is a flattering shade, and adheres even through the meals without becoming caked at the corners of the lips. There are tropical tones of powder, and cream and dry rouge to go with it, too. Very summery, indeed!

Would you like the names of beauty aids mentioned in this article? Just write Alison Alden, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, addressed return envelope.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE
THEY ONCE CALLED ME
SKINNY!



New "7-power" ale yeast giving thousands 5 to 15 lbs. quick

DON'T think you're "born" to be skinny and friendless. Thousands with this new, easy treatment have gained 5 to 15 solid pounds, normally attractive flesh they never could gain before—in just a few weeks!

Doctors now say the real reason why great numbers of people can't seem to gain an ounce is they fail to get enough health-building Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. But now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of men and women have put on pounds of firm flesh—in a very short time.

Not only that, but thousands have also gained a naturally clear complexion, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *ale yeast* imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add energy.

If you, too, are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, new health comes—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 289, Atlanta, Ga.

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REDUCED 34 Lbs.—"I reduced 34 lbs.," writes Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Ia., "they are pleasant to take and dependable. I feel fine since I lost that horrible fat." Others write of reductions in varying amounts, as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. Why not do as these women have done? Start today with easy to take, tasteless RE-DUCE-OIDS, in tiny capsules prepared and CERTIFIED for you by Scientific Laboratories of America. Not an experiment, successful for years. Ask your druggist.

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They All Like Irene!

[Continued from page 37]

bred charms of the fair Kentuckian, and she still represents an ideal of feminine loveliness to him.

You never hear of this particular star having contract trouble. Yet she has just talked her home studio into an agreement to let her make two pictures for other companies before completing the balance of her contract with RKO. (They will be *The Magnificent Obsession* and *Show Boat*, both for Universal.) Irene Dunne usually gets what she wants, and without the assistance of pyrotechnics. She marshals her arguments—then prefaces their presentation by saying "Don't you think?" instead of "I insist upon."

NOT long ago I was one of a group that included a rising young ingénue, pretty and ambitious, who complained of the matter-of-fact manner in which men treated women nowadays. A newspaperman took up the cudgels for his sex. For years, he said, women have been crying for equal rights—single standards. Well, they seem to have acquired them. Why try to evade the inevitable consequences?

"But," the young actress protested, "can't a girl meet men on an equal footing in the business or professional world, yet remain a lady and rightly expect to be treated as one?"

"She could," the newspaperman agreed, "but too many women don't. My principal complaint is against the girl who thinks it is smart to outdrink, out-smoke and outswear her male companions—and still expects to be wrapped in the same brand of cotton-wool that protected the sensibilities of her grandmother, if it becomes desirable."

He mentioned a famous beauty, notorious for a vocabulary that would bring blushes to the cheeks of an irate truck driver.

"Can you imagine treating her like a lady?"

Another man spoke up. "Can you imagine not treating Irene Dunne like one?" he asked.

"That just goes to prove my point," the reporter contended. "Irene Dunne has never lost the qualities that awaken gallantry in a man. And," he turned to the pretty youngster who had precipitated the discussion, "you girls who want careers and still hope for a full measure of personal happiness would do much better to pattern yourselves after her, than after some of the more spectacular women you try to imitate."

I couldn't resist telling Miss Dunne about this conversation.

"YOU'RE sure he meant it as a compliment?" she laughed. "You see, some of my friends think I should develop—or at least pretend—a gayer and giddier personality than my own. They believe it would make me more colorful."

"Now, I'm not naïve. I know the

words that are supposed to blister ears. When someone else wants to use them, I'm not shocked. But it just happens that I've always found it possible to express myself without their assistance.

"I like parties—late ones, too. When I'm in New York (and I've just returned from there), my husband and I have an active social life. And when Dr. Griffin visits me out here, we do a fair amount of gadding about. But when I'm working on a picture, I lead a pretty quiet life. After a long day at the studio, a hot bath and a comfortable bed seem about all I would wish for if I had Aladdin's lamp."

The transcontinental marriage of Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin has been described too often to merit discussion here, other than to mention the genuine affection that appears to exist between them.

When you consider the way in which she bowls over men in general, plus the lengthy separations from her husband, it lends importance to the fact that no hint of romantic gossip has ever attached itself to the name of Irene Dunne. If you have any idea of what a slight basis is necessary for romantic gossip in Hollywood, you will appreciate the compliment to Miss Dunne's dignity and good taste that this represents. Nor is she a recluse in her husband's absence. Her name appears on the guest list of filmland's more conservative hostesses. And she is frequently seen on the golf links, usually with eager escorts.

WE ALL have heard women alibi lack of interest in sports by stating that "men don't like athletic women." The lovely Irene is evidence that this is a choice bit of the well-known delicatessen stand-by. She golfs, she swims, she rides—yet, all the men I know who are Dunne devotees seem to be most impressed by her utter femininity.

In a plaid skirt, navy blue twin sweaters, flat-heeled oxfords and a felt hat unadorned except for a grosgrain band, she can achieve a greater air of daintiness and allure than most of us could manage in a trailing velvet tea gown. This is partly due to such gifts of the gods as a porcelain complexion, slender curves, limpid blue eyes and a voice that has never lost its Southern softness.

However, age is bound to do things to even such authentic beauty as Irene Dunne possesses. A network of lines will etch its pattern on her delicate skin. Her eyes will dim, her svelte lines disappear. And when that time comes, I'll wager that you will find faithful cavaliers still paying homage to this lady's charm and intense femininity.

What men think Woman should be, at her loveliest, she is—wise, witty, kind, companionable, understanding, gently dignified. Men, the darlings, are mostly idealists. And Irene Dunne gives them something to idealize.

How Carole Lombard's Clothes Match Her Moods

[Continued from page 65]

important a highlight that no jewels are necessary. With no hair visible on the forehead, your eyes must be the center of attraction. A deep midnight-blue eyeshadow, and blue mascara on the lashes, will work a miracle on them.

PERHAPS the mood that is most indulged in by every girl is the *urge-to-charm mood*. It is not reserved for romantic moments; girls have been known to have it with only a family audience. Carole expresses it by getting into something that clings softly . . . that has floating sleeves and a flower lei for a neckline. Since she is fair, she likes it to be pink, and uses a pinky make-up. (Pink powder, and lipstick of a bright pink only a shade or two deeper than her cheek rouge.) This is a mood that incorporates gentleness, a touch of mystery, a bit of sophistication.

Travis says that Carole, in this next mood, reminds him of Gaby Deslys, the girl whose compelling charm made her a woman of destiny. In every woman lurks the suspicion that she, too, may be a woman of destiny. At least, there are times when she is in a *thrilling, dramatic mood*. The new silhouette, with full flare in the skirt below the knees, gives power to it. Express it in black velvet and furs and a dead white make-up—and you will create an exciting, never-to-be-forgotten impression.

In direct contrast to this is the "*mood spirituelle*," which is woman at her most dangerous, inspiring admiration that borders on reverence. This time the bangs are curled high, instead of brushed straight down, and the back is rolled into an old-fashioned coil—the "Little Women" hairdress. This is accented by very natural-toned cosmetics, and by her quaint monastic cape. The dress itself is a simple chiffon dinner dress with flounces around the feet and ruffles falling over the hand.

FINALLY, there is the *tailored mood*. Right now it is terribly important. It probably needs more thoughtful planning than all the other moods together. But here is one little secret that many girls forget. The bigger the job and the larger the salary, the more you should avoid mannish clothes. Wear a hat that is frankly becoming. Two-tie pumps that have a pretty feminine air instead of flat-heeled oxfords. With your suit, have softening touches like wine-red fresh carnations that match the deep wine-red crêpe blouse, and the flowers in your hat. Your make-up should be very modified and informal. No blatantly red lips or cheeks.

It gives such zest to life, it makes life so much more interesting—if you know how to dress your moods!



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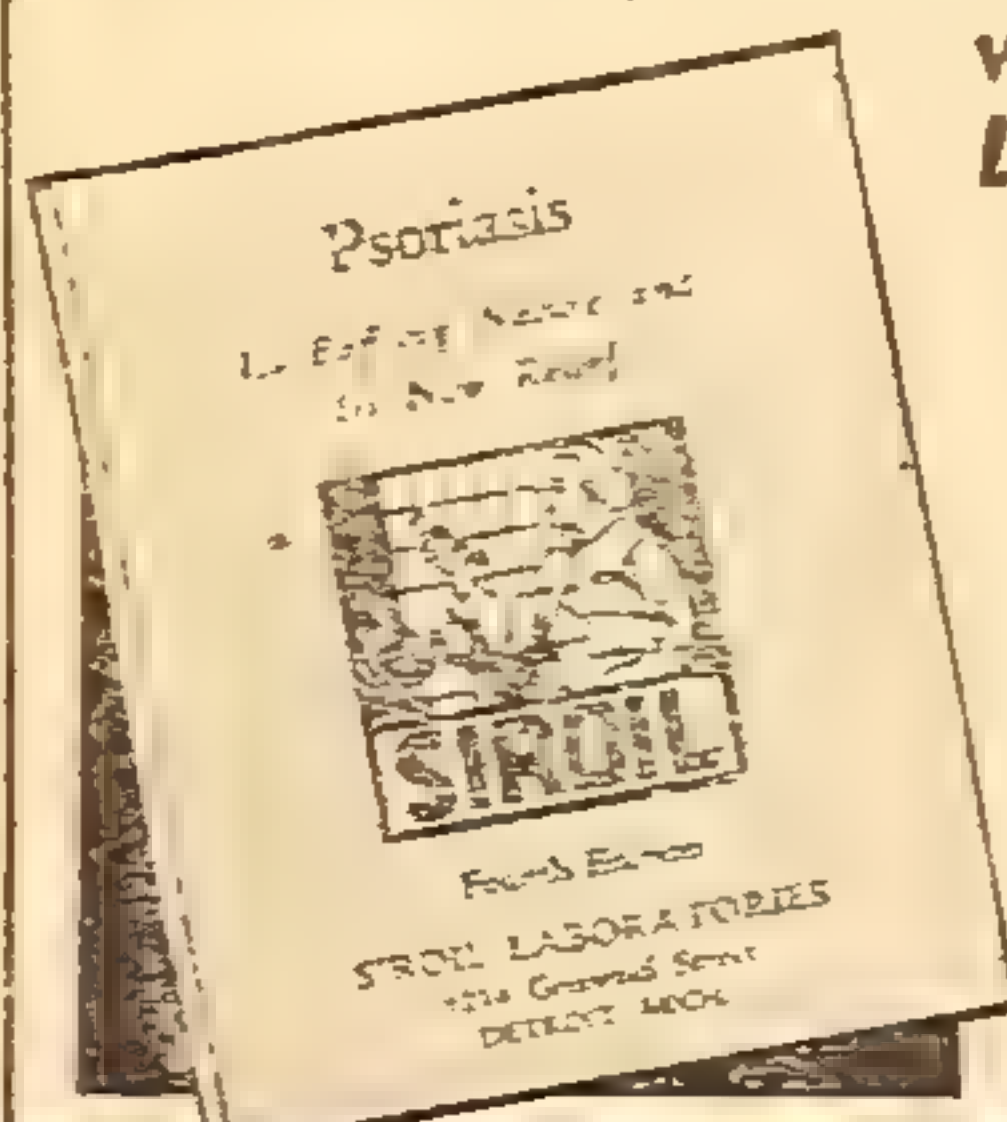
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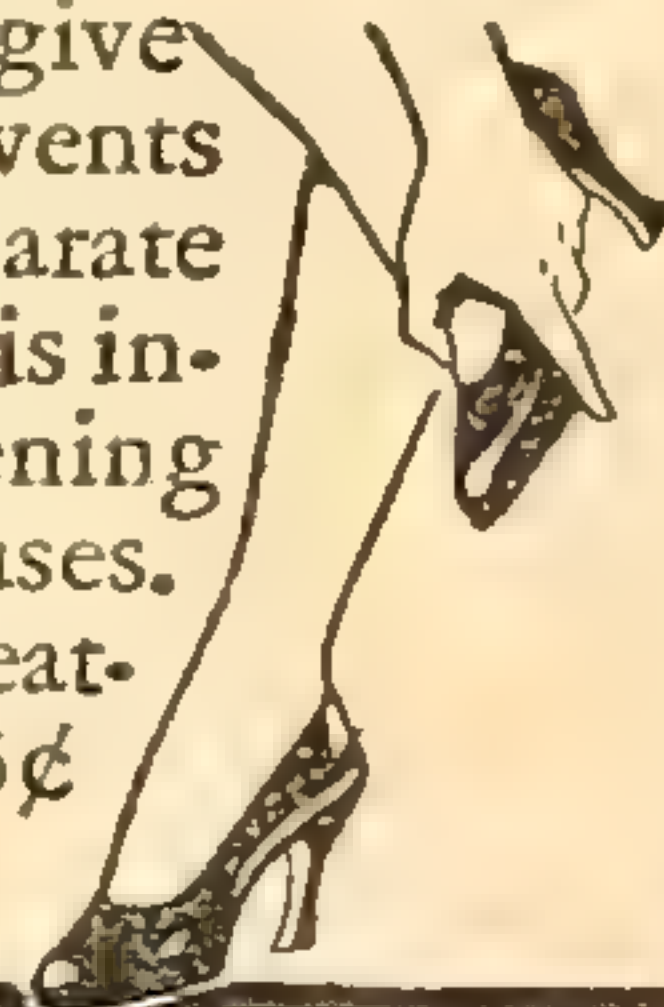


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Be a One-of-a-Kind Girl!

[Continued from page 30]

wearing a bathing suit. On feet that don't display the advantages of pedicures and skin softeners. On wayward ends on eyebrows. Exotic perfumes which are never apropos for daytime. A thin back wearing a very low-cut dress. Poor posture. Lingerie touches that droop, and pleats without the kick an iron could give them in two seconds. The complete importance of daintiness—all the little things you're apt to overlook.

"They're what make the difference, actually, between beauty and just 'dressed-upness.' I've found that out. What's more, they usually require daily care, and that's hard when you're busy. But you're far better off coming in an hour earlier each night and attending to all those seemingly unimportant things, than you are dancing the last dance every time, and concentrating simply on the more showy angles of your appearance. Big things take care of themselves—but the little things can ruin you!

"I'd tell my sister that I've discovered that the smartest thing any girl can do is *not to be a 'type.'* Don't copy the clothes and mannerisms and ideas of the girl across the street who happens to be a knockout, or your favorite actress or heroine—or your big sister! Be your own type. And you'll have something no other girl in the whole world can reproduce: a one-of-a-kind personality. If you're just naturally frilly and feminine, don't wear tailored things because they're smart. If you're sophisticated, don't affect naiveté because you think it goes over. If you're athletic, stay that way. If you're a thoroughly American Girl, develop that and leave the exotics, the statuesques and the sirens to their own types. Make a new type for yourself—a *you* type. And then you'll be a *distinctive individual.*

"I'd want my younger sister to be popular. So I'd try to influence her to *learn to like everybody's kind of fun*, whether it's fun learning or not. If dates and dancing and clothes were her sole interests, she should make herself swim and ride and golf and play tennis anyway, so that she can have those things in common with the people she meets who may not like just dates and dancing. If she spent most of her leisure knitting sweater suits and playing bridge, I should suggest that she read good books, learn to be a whiz at backgammon and ping-pong as well as at contract bridge. She should be able to fix *hors d'oeuvres* and party sandwiches as expertly as she fixes her hair, know as much about music and art as she does about eye make-up and the Continental. The concerts and tennis parties, for instance, that she'll miss if she doesn't like concerts and tennis, can keep her from making many acquaintances she may never make any other

way. I'd like her to think of that.

"I've learned that for everything you know *something* about, you'll sometime meet somebody who will like you because you can share intelligently that interest with him or her. And particularly when it's a *him!* I'd want my little sister to be capable of fitting into his moods for dancing, hiking, high-diving, visiting an art exhibit, enjoying a serious play—or even just sitting around and talking for hours. Why? Because *hims*, I've found, adore good 'mood-mates.' And every girl can be one if she teaches herself to be."

AND there we were on the subject of males! Which is such a big subject, Miriam agreed, you could talk all afternoon about it and still just barely scratch the surface. However, we did not just drop said subject. Miriam told me of those first days in New York when she was sixteen, living in a boarding house on historic Washington Square. She didn't know any young men when she arrived. She didn't think that she even wanted to know the two or three at the boarding house who asked her for dates. They were nice, she knew, but she considered them dull.

"However, I dated them anyway because I was lonely," she told me, "and learned, then and there, something that every girl should learn early and never forget: that men, sentimentally speaking, are much like sheep. They invariably flock first to the girl who has a stag line around her. And a girl's personal stag line, whether it's on the dance floor or in her own living room, can be secured most easily by being friendly with every worthy young man who desires her friendship.

"No man is really dull. I don't care how unattractive you may think he is in the beginning. If you try, you can find a lot to like about every man who likes you. From those three boys in my boarding house, I began to build my stag line, and my acquaintance gradually widened to include others. One of the original trio has remained a close friend to this day.

"I'd tell my little sister about that, too. It's not how she can captivate the Yale hero for an evening that counts as much as the way that she can interest every boy she meets—and every time! The boy next door may seem totally unromantic, but if he admires you and you can make him think you're a swell girl, whether you're seriously interested or not, and do the same to the next boy and the next one, you'll form a nucleus of admirers which is certain to attract others.

"Then, when the Big Moment, that you simply *must have*, appears, you'll know just what works when it comes to making a hit. For you'll have perfected your charm by varied and fascinating experience."

They're the Topics!

[Continued from page 10]

face. It will give you a youthful glow that will remain all evening. It's an old trick that stage folk have known for generations. Lawrence Tibbett, so they say, never gives a performance without first standing on his head in the wings!

GLENDA FARRELL is sporting the two most novel hats on record. One is of heavy black felt and the other of heavy yellow felt. When worn, they look like tams with a square crown. The folds are stitched and give them a decidedly smart look. Then, if you are an outdoor girl like Glenda who hates to wear a hat except to make a proper entrance, you snatch off the tam—and it folds into a compact bag!

SYLVIA SIDNEY has been having an interesting and amusing vacation in New York City, where she stayed at the Hotel Lombardy. Her suite has been full of books and flowers, and she has been catching up on her reading, for she loves that relaxation. The day we visited her we counted seven different kinds of flowers, including mountain laurel and madonna lilies. Also went shopping with her for hats at Lily Daché's, and you should see the exotic fashions that are awaiting us this fall! Sylvia wears them beautifully, too. You might be interested in one of Sylvia's late summer hats—a clever white felt, with a number of ribbon bands of different colors, such as blue, red, yellow, which snap on, and thus match in a second any dress she may be wearing!

NORMA SHEARER THALBERG'S new baby is a girl, and what a complete and happy family that is now! The Thalbergs' young son is a darling child, and now that he has a little sister named Katherine, there is a perfect American family. Norma is already planning her next picture, which will be *Romeo and Juliet*. She is a typical American mother in raising her family, being a splendid wife, and still finding time for other interests.

KAY FRANCIS ended her European holiday by returning on the famous new liner, *Normandie*, and arrived with some marvelous-looking clothes . . . trust Kay! She has since been completing her vacation with a month's rest on an isolated ranch.

WORD has been received from London that Madge Evans is having the delightful experience of having her clothes for her Gaumont-British picture, *The Tunnel*, made by Schiaparelli, of Paris, and that's something any girl would love to have happen to her!

NATURALLY SKINNY FOLKS!



How Kelpamalt Helped Me Gain New Strength and Add The Powerful Extra Pounds That Enabled Me To Win The World's Championship!

Jimmy Braddock
THE NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

Reveals Secret of His Startling Improvement—How He Built up Iodine-Starved Glands—Recommends Kelpamalt to Every Weak, Skinny, Rundown Man and Woman who Wants to Add Extra Lbs. of Good, Solid Flesh, Rugged Strength and Tireless Energy.

The amazing story of James J. Braddock's smashing victory over Max Baer for the Heavyweight Championship of the World can now be told!

Braddock knew that without any considerable increase in weight he could not acquire the crushing strength and shattering power needed to win the contest. At the suggestion of a noted conditioner of famous athletes, Braddock turned to Kelpamalt, which experts in nutrition and health authorities all over the world hail as the finest weight and strength builder to be had.

In 6 short weeks, the new champion packed on 26 rugged pounds of good, solid flesh and acquired the driving, dynamic power behind his punch that spelled victory.

Braddock knew what he needed when he started Kelpamalt. For, this new mineral concentrate from the sea gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of skinniness—**IODINE STARVED GLANDS**. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—**NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE**—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic—but the same iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach and lettuce. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

Braddock says, "Never felt better—and I want to state that a big share of the credit for my victory—for the wonderful condition I was in—is due to Kelpamalt. I never had more endurance, felt stronger or tired less in all my experience in the ring. And the 26 lbs. which Kelpamalt helped me add, put real power and drive behind my punches. You can tell any skinny, weak, underweight man or woman Kelpamalt's the greatest weight and strength builder there is."—James J. Braddock.

To get **NATURAL IODINE** as well as 12 other needed body minerals in assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now considered the world's richest source of this precious substance. Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you feel, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows—and the new energy and strength it brings you. Start Kelpamalt today. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in 1 week the trial is free.

100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.



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Add 5 Lbs. in 1 Week
Or No Cost

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Delighted with Lovely New Lbs. Gained on Kelpamalt

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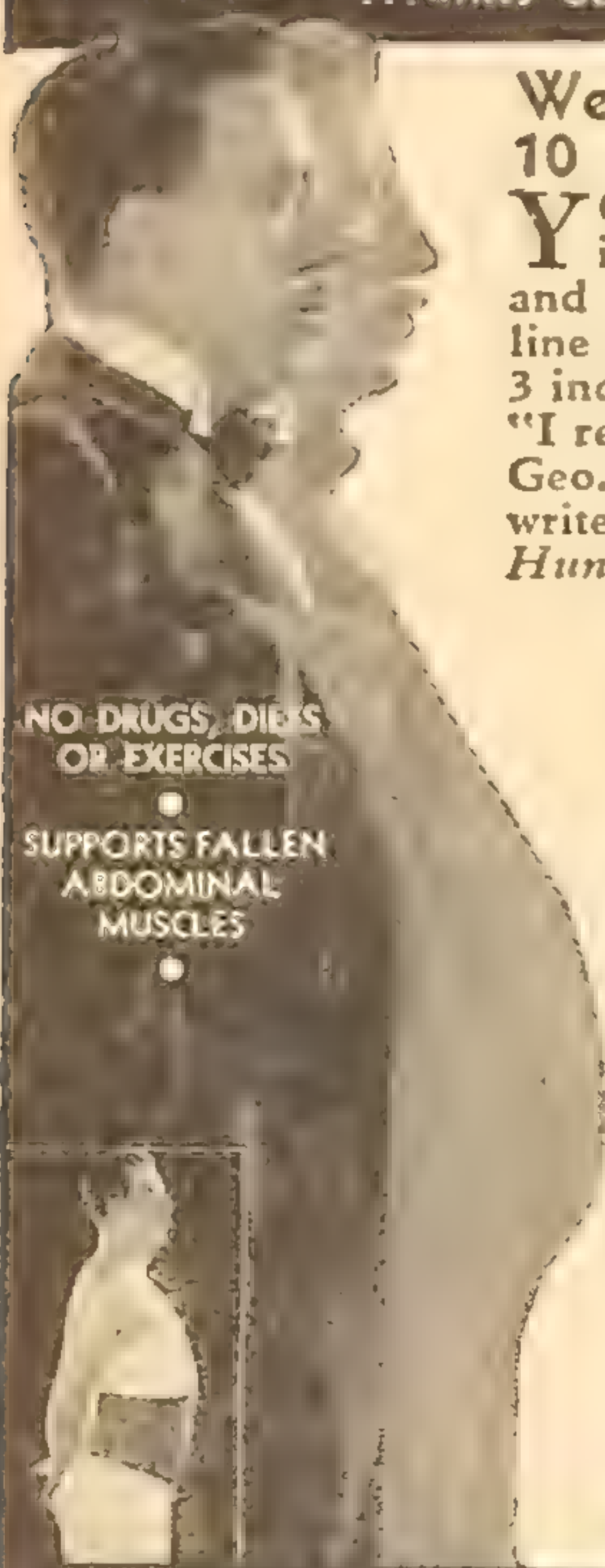
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MY WAIST 8 INCHES
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... writes George Bailey



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(2) Persian Night, (3) Black Velvet, (4) Samarkand. Chest
6x3 in. made from Giant Redwood Trees of California. Send
only \$1.00 check, stamps or currency. An ideal gift. \$1.00!

PAUL RIEGER, 245 First Street, San Francisco, Calif.

You Wear What They Tell You

[Continued from page 41]

are a case in point. As long ago as last November, Orry-Kelly made sketches for gowns along extreme Grecian lines. Wraps were fashioned of eight-foot lengths of heavy silk, wrapped around the hips, and draped over the head. In this case, he anticipated a trend that was to be sponsored in Paris a few months later.

Travis Banton, of Paramount, one of the most important figures in the fashion world, agrees that fashion happens because of a designer's adaptation of a suitable style to a certain star, rather than because of a desire to be startling. And he says this in spite of the fact that he is responsible for many trends.

ALL of these men are modest in dis-
claiming direct responsibility for
fashion changes, but let us take a look
back through recent years, and see just
what they have inspired us to wear.

Adrian and Garbo jointly are respon-
sible for the long-sleeved, high-in-front,
low-in-back evening gowns. Garbo hates
sleeveless frocks, so Adrian made a
habit of giving her at least one long-
sleeved evening gown in every film. It
was not long until such gowns caused
not so much as a ripple of comment
around formal dinner tables.

Travis Banton was directly respon-
sible for the return to favor of enorm-
ous hats, which have been in such wide
vogue since Mae West wore them in
She Done Him Wrong. Hats he made
for her were true to the period, but were
modified slightly so that they appeared
interesting to the modern eye.

It was Orry-Kelly who slashed
sleeves for a dress for Kay Francis and
cut out segments in the back. And do
you remember how we went around
showing bits of ourselves through slits
and slashes, as soon as we caught sight
of the effect on Kay?

ADRIAN brought back the redingote
line the nipped-in, fitted
waistline and full gored skirt for Greta
Garbo in *Mata Hari* because she needed
something with a gallantry and sweep
for the part. And it hit the country's
fancy. Howard Greer, distinguished in-
dependent designer, gave the trend
further impetus with his gowns for
Katharine Hepburn in *Christopher
Strong*. Now you are wearing long
redingotes for evening.

René Hubert, who is French and
head designer at Fox, has a passion for
the details of decoration and fabrics.
He has popularized a number of fasci-
nating little gadgets—such as names and
monograms cut from wood or metal.
He had much to do with the interest in
gloves of printed silks and velvets, and
the excitement about Cellophane cloth
and Cellophane embroidery. And when
you see Dixie Lee in a lacquered satin

gown in *Redheads on Parade*, remem-
ber that he was responsible for it.

Travis Banton's *Cleopatra* gowns for
Claudette Colbert had an immediate re-
sponse. There were very few women
who did not have suspension straps and
some center front drapery on evening
gowns after that film was released.

Banton's gowns for Marlene Dietrich
are likewise responsible for much of
the interest in artificial flowers over
the sleeves and in capes. Credit must
be given also to Greer, who created a
cape of white chiffon dotted with white
fabric daisies for Katharine Hepburn in
Christopher Strong. Adrian, who slung
a flowered cape over Joan Crawford's
shoulders, has made lavish use of flow-
ers in his period gowns for Garbo in
Anna Karenina—which, it is predicted,
will start an 1870 trend.

All of which should thoroughly prove
that "you wear what they tell you."

AND this naturally leads us up to the
question: "What will they tell us
to wear next year?"

They are going to give you a wide
range from which to choose, so be sure
you are right in your choice and go
ahead.

Adrian thinks that the next important
trend will be a slim silhouette with an
accent on front drappings.

Walter Plunkett would not be sur-
prised to see a modified hoop-skirt come
into sudden popularity!

René Hubert's sports clothes will
feature a stunning, swagger simplicity.
They will be very feminine, with an
emphasis on huge square sleeves.

Orry-Kelly is using a straight, rather
full skirt gathered into the waist a bit.
He calls it the "peasant line," and ex-
pects it to be widely used, particularly
among younger women, with the draped
Grecian line favored by mature women.

Travis Banton already can see the re-
sults from released stills of his cos-
tumes for *The Crusades* the
tightly molded body line; the very long
flowing sleeves; simple, but dramatic
necklines; and new emphasis on flowing
feminine capes.

Nor are these the only Hollywood
designers, nor the only ones who are
capable of influencing American fash-
ions. Bernard Newman, modern stylist
for RKO, has made a point of glamor-
ous practicality in his gowns for Ginger
Rogers in *Top Hat*. Omar Kiam, of
United Artists, has designed some beau-
tiful things—all completely practical—
for Merle Oberon in *The Dark Angel*.
Royer, young Fox designer, is giving
the younger Fox players new gowns.

There is variety enough here to please
anyone. Pay your money and take your
choice. But of one thing you may be
sure . . . no matter what you buy, you
will be gloriously garbed in something
Hollywood has told you to wear!

Fashion Foreword

[Continued from page 42]

the floor. As long ago as last spring, Orry-Kelly, Hollywood fashion designer, predicted the trend; Paris suggested it this summer; and now New York is showing it in the dresses being made ready for autumn.

SPORTSWEAR always holds the spotlight in the fall, and rightfully so, for we begin to anticipate football games, long hikes, crisp walks on wind-swept avenues. There will be a casual air to fall sports things that will make girls delight in wearing them, and yet their strict tailoring will make them trim and youthful. Two- and three-piece suits in brilliant colors, as well as dark browns and blues, will hold our fancy. Not for years have woollens been so bright and gay as they will be this season.

Gold standards may come and go in the world of finance, but feminine fashions will not be cheated of their effectiveness in fall clothes. There will be dresses of unusual fabrics such as Virginia Bruce is so strikingly showing us on page 42. Accessories will carry their golden touch on plain daytime dresses, in the way of gold belts or clips used on fine black silk jersey or crêpe, or in cleverly designed belts and matching buckles.

TO NEW YORK from the Hollywood set of Cecil B. De Mille's newest film spectacle have come the new "Crusades" fashions, and in the shops there have begun to appear many of the outstanding notes of these dresses. Square necks, heavy antique belts, rich velvet cloths, and long full lines are already finding favor.

Another picture that will give fashion hints to young Americans is *Top Hat*, with Bernard Newman creating gowns for Ginger Rogers that are youthful and bouyant and modern in the extreme.

Dare to be original in your fall dressing, from color to style. Choose from the whole assortment the things that will make you delightful to look at and smart to behold. Then you will be truly Autumn 1935!

FASHION ADVICE

MOVIE CLASSIC covers the Hollywood fashion front . . . listens to all the Paris hints . . . knows the latest Hollywood vogues. And puts them all together just for you . . . to give you the absolute latest in fashion information. Call on us with any of your clothes problems, from how to budget your salary, to what to wear, to work or play. Address Gwen Dew, Fashion Editor, **MOVIE CLASSIC**, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

\$1300.00 IN PRIZES AND CASH

For Contest Details read this month's *Romantic Movie Stories*, containing the fiction story of Cecil B. DeMille's coming triumph—*The Crusades*, starring **LORETTA YOUNG** and **HENRY WILCOXON**. Then enter the big 200-prize *Crusades* Contest. It's easy!

1st PRIZE

A \$500.00 evening gown in gold and silver mesh with purse to match. This gown is a duplicate of the one being designed by Whiting and Davis for Loretta Young to wear to the premiere of *The Crusades*.



KATHARINE
HEPBURN



LORETTA YOUNG and
HENRY WILCOXON

2ND PRIZE: \$175 dressing table set in 14 kt. gold and real jade finish, presented by Loretta Young.

3RD PRIZE: \$150 cocktail jacket in metal mesh by Whiting and Davis, world's largest manufacturers of costume accessories.

ALSO: A chest of Community Plate silver by Oneida, Ltd.; 10 Hollywood make-up kits by the famous Max Factor—and 186 other prizes.

Complete films in story form this issue:

KATHARINE HEPBURN
in

Alice Adams

JEAN HARLOW and CLARK GABLE
in

China Seas



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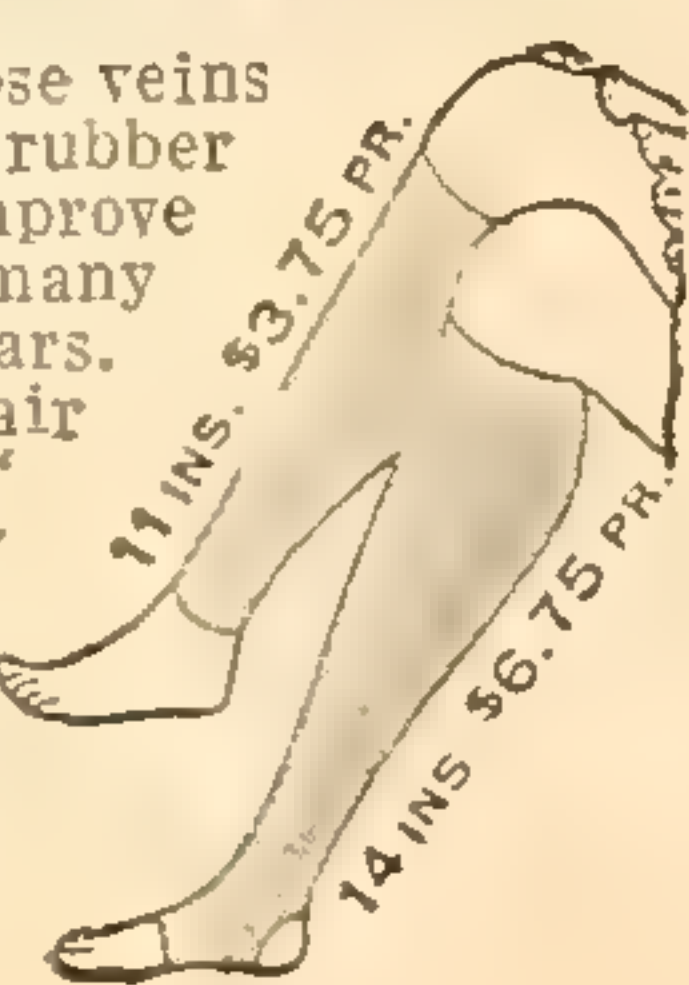
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Dr. JEANNE F.G. WALTER

389 Fifth Ave., New York



Give Yourself Some New Accessories!

[Continued from page 51]

ever, that you can make it from the following instructions. This hat (I'm holding it in the picture) can be worn off the face . . . or, for a change, drawn forward and tilted over one eye. It can be trimmed around the head band with a contrasting "crocheted ribbon," or you can use little grosgrain ribbon loops, one on each side of the hat, as I have. Anyway, here are the instructions:

To begin the crown, chain 5, and join to form ring. 1st round: 8 simple crochets in ring. 2nd round: 2 simple crochets in each s c. 3rd round: single crochet in each of next 2 s c, 2 s c in next (this is an increase). Repeat these two steps around. 4th round: Single crochet in each of next 3 s c, 2 s c in next. Repeat these three steps around. 5th and subsequent rounds: Increase whenever necessary to have work lie perfectly flat, until work measures 6½ inches in diameter. (Do not make increases directly over increases of previous round.) Then work with increasing for 1 inch. Then increase 8 stitches. Then work without increasing for 1 inch. Next round: Chain 3 (to count as double crochet), double crochet in next single crochet, chain 2, skip next 2 singles, double crochet in each of next 2 s c, chain 2, repeat from first chain 2 to end of round. Join with single crochet in third chain of chain 3 first made.

Brim: 1st round: Single crochet in next double crochet, 2 single crochet in next space. Repeat from second step around. 2nd round: Single crochet in each of next 10 s c, 2 s c in next, and repeat these two steps around. 5th and subsequent rounds: Work without increasing until brim measures from 1st round of brim 1¾ inches. To make brim stiff, single chain over a millinery wire for the next 3 rounds. Fasten off wire and complete work with 1 round of single crochet.

You use your thread double throughout on this hat . . . and you will need about 8 balls, size 10, if you use Clark's O.N.T. . . . or 6 of J. & P. Coats Mercerized Crochet. Your crochet hook should be a No. 2. Oh, yes, and you'll need 3 yards of millinery wire. And that's all! Unless you need crocheting instruction—and every department store offers that.

THE collar I am wearing in the picture is one of the loveliest I have ever seen (I didn't originate it so I can brag without sounding conceited.) The collar is white piqué, trimmed with Irish lace, and makes any plain dress smart. Yet because it is simple and not

frilly you can wear it at office or at school, as well as "out to dinner." It cost \$5.95 at a Hollywood department store, and I liked it so much that I have copied it in several shades, and for much less money. I think you'll be able to copy it too, with the help of the diagram on page 51. Here is what you will need for it first:

¼ yard piqué.

1¼ yard of 2-inch wide Irish lace with finished edge. (1 edge)

¾ yard of 1½ inch-wide Irish lace (straight edge) for insets.

2½ yards of ¼ inch-wide edging.

Cut the piqué according to the diagram . . . there are five separate pieces . . . and be sure the grain runs as indicated on the diagram. First join the two front pieces to the center strip of lace. Then sew on the two side strips, and cut out the piqué from underneath. The lace with the edging is used all around the outside, of course. And you outline all the insets with the ¼-inch edging. The diagram is so simple (especially with the picture to guide you) that I don't believe any further instructions are necessary.

I KNOW from experience how important accessories are, particularly if you haven't much to spend on a wardrobe. When I was looking for a chance in pictures not so long ago, I used to see to it that even if my dress was not new, my collars and cuffs always looked fresh and neat. My hat had to be smart, too . . . and my gloves were of equal importance. As in everything else, it is the little things that betray us or else give us the right air of poise and smartness. So my best advice on clothes is: watch out for those little things!

There's one more new accessory note which I would like to give you. Collar and cuff sets of woven ribbon are extremely easy and fun to do, and require scarcely any sewing. One smart set I saw the other day was woven of three-quarter-inch-wide ribbon. Ask to see them at your department store, and one look will show you how to make them.

And here is one last new idea for you: bead accessories. There are belts of brightly-colored beads in smart designs matching belts and bags, and even collars and cuffs. Some of the beads used are natural-color wood, and others are painted. Very, very smart!

Do try some of these new tricks and have them all ready to put on your last year's fall dress, and you'll look like the latest picture of autumn 1935!

For Latest Fashion Hints Read *Movie Classic*

Movie Classic for September, 1935

New Shopping Finds!

[Continued from page 12]

****Grace Moore, the girl who sings for kings, sponsors the newest sports hat. The word hat doesn't really do it justice in the way of description, for this new sports headgear is something entirely different. There is a stiff visor to protect the eyes, but a soft scarf attached winds around the head and ties in jaunty knot-fashion in back. Checks, plaids, and vivid plain materials make these swagger affairs, and they'll keep your hair in place and your eyes shaded while playing tennis or golf, motoring, or just sitting in the sun. Price, \$1.

****Are you a bachelor girl with a small apartment or room where you "keep house," and do your own lingerie-washing? Then you'll be tickled at this clever, new gadget that is a clothesline with rubber suction things at the end. Apply them on any smooth surface and they will stick, until you want to take them down. Clever, these modern gals! 15c buys the whole business!

****Want to know how to protect the back of your dress from fading, perspiration stains, sagging? These dressbacks fit into your dress, and prevent discoloration, save cleaning bills, and keep the waistline in place. They are not rubber and they are highly absorbent. Price, 50c.

****Did you ever try painting a room yourself—and have a headache for days because of the aroma of paint hanging heavy in the atmosphere? Then you're bound to be interested in "one-day paint," which practically invites women to refurnish their homes, themselves.



When Grace Moore plays tennis, she likes her hair under control and the sun out of her eyes. Hence—this new chapeau



Every month famous Hollywood stars, executives and other film celebrities make the Savoy-Plaza their New York home. To attribute the popularity of this distinguished hotel to any one feature would be difficult. It is the combination of luxurious living, supreme service, unexcelled cuisine, and the most beautiful outlook in New York. Single rooms \$5, \$6, \$7 . . . Double rooms \$7, \$8, \$9 . . . Suites from \$10.

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Freddie Bartholomew's Busy Day

[Continued from page 33]

paid for it. We'll have to look into this."

It develops that he loves history and geography. "Yes, history's lovely," he assures me. "I've just learned about all America's famous women. Jane Addams is one. I was so sorry to hear that she died. She did things men have no time for—like three hours a day for school children, I mean. I was saying to Cissy"—the earnest voice rushes on—"it's like when you ask a man to lay the table, and he puts on dinner plates instead of tea plates—I just give you an instance how thoughtless men are—no," the loyal male asserts himself, "they're not thoughtless, they're just too busy—they have no time for those things."

Brought back to the major thread of his narrative, he picks it up at the point where "morning school's over, and then I generally snatch some luncheon in our dressing-room, and if you want to know what I do next"—he holds aloft the key he has been playing with—"here's mute evidence—my bicycle key."

"And here's more mute evidence," his aunt interposes, touching the aforementioned knee, a veritable crisscross of scars and bruises. "He doesn't ride like any human being. That would be asking too much. Really to enjoy himself, he has to have his arms in the air, and his feet where his hands should be, and himself balanced somehow between heaven and earth, and how he has managed to keep his neck unbroken thus far, I shouldn't be able to tell you."

"CIS," remarks Freddie, with that air of affectionate tolerance which the young reserve for their overcautious, but endearing elders,— "always thinks she's going to pick me up in pieces. But I've yet to hear," he continues meaningly, "of anyone's hurting himself on a bicycle that he's only allowed to ride 'round and 'round a perfectly safe back lot at the studio." His eyes fall on his bandaged hand. "Here's a sprained wrist," he cries, flourishing it in triumph, "which no bicycle was responsible for, but just an innocent, harmless roller-coaster."

"All too soon," he tells me, "I must put away my bicycle and return to school. Not," he adds quickly, sensitive for Miss Murphy's feelings, "that I love school less, but my bicycle more. And besides, we sometimes do things at school that are almost as much fun as the bicycle. Like turtle-racing. One of my turtles disappeared the other day."

"And Freddie," volunteers Miss Murphy, "wrote a really beautiful lament on the death of his turtle, Rosy. But they finally found her about two hundred yards away at the back gate, so Freddie tore up the lament."

"Well," says Freddie sensibly, "there didn't seem much sense in lamenting the death of a turtle who happened to be very much alive."

After school—"that's about three

o'clock or sometimes, if things don't go too well, three-thirty," he signs photographs or keeps an appointment for an interview. That finishes his business day and he's free to go home.

HOME is a Los Angeles apartment or a beach-house at Playa del Rey. Freddie prefers the beach-house, because "first of all, you don't have to sit down to a set meal—there's a cupboard place where you keep all your food—and you just dig in and pick out what you like. And then I bathe and play on the beach and have a good time in general. And, oh yes, the dogs—I must tell you about Fritzie." He's out of his chair at a bound, words tumbling out in a frenzy of love and excitement.

"Fritzie's the beautifulest dog in the world—d'you know what he does? He gets a stick and he keeps half of it in his mouth, and gives you the other half, and then he tries to get it away from you—just playing, you know—and he's so pleased when he gets it. But he wants to make sure there are no hard feelings, so he sort of laughs up at you—his eyes twinkle and he looks up into your eyes. He's a marvelous dog. D'you know what I'm going to do, Cis?" He's thumping his aunt's knees ecstatically.

"I know what I'd do if I had any sense," she rejoins. "I'd wear knee-guards."

But Freddie is oblivious to everything save the birth of a great idea. "I'm going to register him here at the studio," he squeals. "And then if they ever want a dog that laughs, I'll know where to put my hands on him."

"Meantime suppose you put your



When Freddie Bartholomew was five—and beginning to become interested in Dickens—this is how he looked

mind on the rest of the story," his aunt suggests.

"Yes, of course," he agrees readily. "Well, we don't always go to the beach, but when we're in town, life's pretty interesting, too. We take a walk or we do a little shopping or sometimes we go to a show. Then there are special times—like the other week, for instance, when it was boys' week in Culver City, and they made me chief of police and gave me a badge. That came in quite useful, I can tell you. When Cissy wanted me to do things, I'd flash this badge at her and tell her: 'No, you can't come at me this week.'

"**T**HEN Saturday's special, too, because that's my day off. So's Sunday, of course, but being a national holiday, Sunday's different. Anyway, that's when I generally go horseback riding. Provided"—he gazes blandly at his aunt, "Cissy has got her document a mile long with everyone's signature in the world on it, to guarantee that the horse is perfectly safe.

"Oh, and that reminds me." He's out of his chair again, laying an imploring hand on the arm of mine. "Would you put in a story about Cissy?" he pleads breathlessly. His face is aglow, his feet dancing with impatience, and he hurries on to forestall any possible objection.

"Once when she was a little girl she lived in the country, and she was going home from school, and she was terribly afraid of cows and bulls—and there was a cow"—he all but chokes with glee, "and Sissy heard her moo. And she ran into a field and began running about with this cow behind her, and she fell into a nice soft bit of moss, so she thought, and she lay there quietly, thinking she was perfectly safe. And then this nice piece of moss began waving about with Cissy on its back, and it was the cow all the time!" Chortling happily, he turns to Cissy and starts punishing her knee again. "And Cissy was thrown off, and ran *all* the way home like the little pig in the nursery rhyme.

"Freddie, Freddie," protests Cissy through her helpless laughter, "how you're embroidering it!"

"That doesn't matter—it's a much better story this way," crows Freddie, thus revealing himself the true creative artist. Suddenly he sobers, and surveys his aunt reflectively. "You know," he announces, "I haven't quite decided whether I shall be single or a widow when I grow up, but I sometimes do think it would be nice to marry, and have a son to carry on the same strait."

HE RETURNS to his chair, waiting patiently for the shout that greets this declaration—made in simple good faith—to subside. A friend passes behind him and drops something into his lap. Freddie looks pleased. Aunt Cis looks resigned. I look inquisitive.

"Chewing gum," Freddie explains, popping the gift into his mouth. "It's my weakness over here. I never knew it

in England. But on the *David Copperfield* set I'd see people moving their mouths, and heard it was because of chewing gum. So one day I asked a property man: 'What's this chewing gum I hear about? What do you do with it?' 'You just chew it,' he said. Well, I thought it was a new kind of sweet. So I said: 'May I try a bit?' So he gave me a bit, and the first two or three times I used to swallow it, and then he showed me how to chew it, and now it's one of my favorite things."

Then he's up again. "Oh, and talking of favorite things, Cis," he reminds her. "There's always the radio."

"Yes," groans Aunt Cis, "there's always the radio."

"After dinner," he continues, cheerfully unheeding.

"Which he gobbles like the rest of his meals," puts in his long-suffering aunt. "After dinner he sits with his ear glued to that horrible instrument for the rest of the evening, while I plug my own ears with cotton to make life bearable."

"You ought to get him earphones," someone suggests.

FREDDIE pounces on the idea. "Earphones—that'll be interesting. I could trail all over the house with the earphones dangling behind me. Oh, yes, Cissy, I *would* know how to use them. Pardon me, Cissy, but don't you remember when the radio was out of order one night, and I twisted all the screws and what-me-nots and made it go? Oh, I *could* use earphones, Cissy." He has them practically clamped to his ears already, "Then we'd both be happy.

"Because," he explains a little superfluously, "Cissy doesn't especially care for the program I like, but she's kind enough to put up with it on my account. First, at a quarter to seven, there's the Adventures of Jimmy Allen—then Frank Whatanabe and the Honorable Archie—then there's an interval of music that you have to listen to in order to get the rest—then come the In-laws and then King Cowboy—all on the same station—and you get the whole thing without once moving out of your chair or twirling a single knob." His eyes are wide with the wonder of this heaven-sent miracle.

"And after King Cowboy?"

"Well," he says, tearing himself reluctantly from the radio, "that's getting to be around eight."

"And Cis," contributes that lady firmly, "is calling for about the tenth time, 'Freddie, will you go to bed?'"

"And Freddie," he chimes in promptly, "is saying: 'If I go like a lamb, may I read for half an hour?'"

"And I tell him he may with an easy conscience, for I know that the minute his head touches the pillow, he'll be of."

And there, with your head on the pillow, we leave you, Freddie, wishing you happy dreams, and hoping that you may indeed marry some day and have a son to carry on the same "strait"—to move the hearts of another generation to laughter and tenderness, as you have moved ours.

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| 30x6.00-18 | 4.00 | 1.15 | | | |
| 31x6.00-19 | 4.00 | 1.15 | | | |
| 32x6.00-20 | 4.45 | 1.25 | | | |
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| 33x4 | 2.95 | 0.85 |
| 34x4 | 3.25 | 0.85 |
| 32x4 1/2 | 3.35 | 1.15 |
| 33x4 1/2 | 3.45 | 1.15 |
| 34x4 1/2 | 3.45 | 1.15 |
| 35x4 1/2 | 3.65 | 1.35 |
| 36x4 1/2 | 3.75 | 1.45 |
| 38x5 | 3.95 | 1.65 |

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| Size | Tires Tubes | |
|---------|-------------|--------|
| 6.00-20 | \$3.75 | \$1.65 |
| 6.50-20 | 4.45 | 1.95 |
| 7.00-20 | 5.95 | 2.95 |
| 7.50-20 | 6.95 | 3.75 |
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Why Janet Gaynor Is So Popular

[Continued from page 27]

you're lonely and worried about your girl back in San Diego. Lollie looked up to find his eyes on her. "Say," he said awkwardly, "you—aren't you Janet Gaynor?"

At her nod, he grinned widely. "Gee, it's good to see someone from home!"

She wasn't the great movie star to him. She was a little girl from home—the sort you can confide in. And the sailor did confide in her, for two hours. He told her about his hopes, his plans, his sweetheart. And at the end he bought her a nosegay and gave her the supreme compliment of her life. "Gosh, I forgot you were famous! You're so regular."

It takes a certain genius to do that: to know the winy taste of almost incredible success—and to remain regular. But Janet would rather be "one of the gang" than the most fêted person on earth. That's why she loves the vacations at her "hideaway" places, the lake in Wisconsin and the beach in Hawaii.

PROBABLY you would get the surprise of your life if you went with her to that cabin at the lake. There is mosquito netting over the windows and the stove smokes like blazes if it isn't handled properly. The noise you hear isn't that gorgeous mountain erupting; it's Uncle George's outboard motorboat getting under way. But to Janet, it's more fun than the expensive purr of any yacht. Nobody sniffs, "Humph! Going highbrow!" if she is caught reading Marcel Proust. Nobody hesitates to ask her please to mind the baby or help collect the firewood. She belongs.

It's the same at her Honolulu hideaway, where she is going as soon as she recovers from the unfortunate injury that took her out of the cast of *Way Down East*.

When Warner and Mrs. Baxter came back from there a short while ago (Janet always lends them her cottage for their trips to Hawaii), they were telling me of the place Janet holds in that little community. "To them she doesn't spell Hollywood. She's one of them. The natives call her 'little sun daughter' and her neighbors call her 'Jan-ny.' There's never any splurge or fuss when she arrives—but you can be sure of good fun, they say!"

Janet's humor is infectious. Incidentally, it has saved the day more times than even Einstein would count. I remember one particular occasion on *The Farmer Takes a Wife* set. They had tried to "shoot" one certain scene eleven times. The company's nerves were on edge. The director was pacing up and down in a frenzy. And Janet, as if she was entirely unaware of the tension, started doing her imitation of Stepin Fetchit—those vague, shuffling steps, those slow, aimless gestures. It's the funniest thing this side of a circus, and the tension broke in an instant.

AFTERWARD Henry Fonda took me aside. "You know, before I came out here, there were all sorts of rumors about Janet—about how hard she was to work with and how she was one personality on the screen and a completely different one off it. That's the worst hokey I've ever heard! Let me tell you that she has taught me more about screen technique than I could ever teach her about the stage. She has even shown me how to steal scenes from her! *Hard to work with?* Why, the whole studio adores her. . . . It doesn't matter who they are or how old they are—they're all friends of Janet's." And that sums it up exactly.

Then there is the little seamstress in the wardrobe department. Janet had an appointment there for fittings for her *Way Down East* costumes. She came in dressed in what is practically a uniform with her—beret, double-breasted jacket and slacks. (Believe it or not, she has seventeen outfits like that in every hue and color—and only two evening dresses!) It was stuffy in the room and the costumes she was to try on were the 1890 variety with all the frills and furbelows. Janet looked at the seamstress. "You seem so tired that I hate to have you work on my stuff," she said, one pal to another.

"Well, it has been a strenuous day," admitted the woman. "But I'll bet it hasn't been an easy one for you. Look at your cheek! It's that impacted wisdom tooth again, isn't it?"

"Um-hum," said Janet. "And it hurts like sixty. But let's go have some tea and forget about it." And off they went, arm in arm.

Again, she went over to Stage Seven to watch Shirley Temple at work. The alert cameraman sprang to get a picture of Fox's two biggest feminine drawing cards together. They posed. They smiled for the gentleman. Then Shirley caught Janet's hand. "Janet's my friend and I want to show her something. Can't she come to visit me without us having our pictures took?"

Janet's eyes lighted with amusement. "I know just how you feel, Shirley!"

They're all friends of Janet's . . .

I ASKED her point-blank what a girl should do to be popular.

"Certainly she can't be self-centered!" the little Gaynor answered thoughtfully. "To me, selfishness is the most horrible thing in the world—and it's especially so in this business, because you owe your support to so many.

"Let's see. A recipe for popularity . . . I'd say the one that any girl can use with excellent results is this: *A goodly amount of loyalty, mixed well with gratitude and thoughtfulness. A little sugar and spice! Add a brimming cupful of gentleness, and season well with humor and gaiety.*

"I've never known it to fail!"

First Crossing

[Continued from page 60]

around their necks, just as you have seen them in the movies, danced with their caps on without troubling to remove their cigarettes. Beth and I were a little nervous for we knew this wasn't just a show put on for tourists. The price of admission was only three francs—the cost of a glass of beer—and one could spend the entire evening there. Paris abounds with such colorful places. Some of our fears were allayed when we observed these toughs saying "Pardonnez-moi" to one another when they accidentally collided in the process of dancing. I can't imagine American rough-necks doing that. Of course, all the French are extremely polite. The policemen salute like soldiers when you come up to them to ask a direction, and salute again when you thank them.

American movies, we found, are extremely popular in Paris. There are about twenty-five big theatres showing them exclusively—in American dialogue, too. The theatres are just as modern as ours in every respect, and the pictures are not much older usually than those shown in American houses. American movie stars are as popular in France as they are here. Jean Har-

low, for example, is as well known on the Champs Elysée as she is on Broadway. Claudette Colbert, who was born in Paris, is another great French favorite. So, of course, is Maurice Chevalier. His pal, Charles Boyer, and Tullio Carminati are likewise very popular. And the French are highly Grace Moore-conscious.

We wandered along the banks of the Seine, past the second-hand bookstalls you see so often in paintings of Paris. We fingered dusty old volumes and bought a couple that intrigued us, just as we acquired two inexpensive sketches at the open-air artists' market. We walked under chestnut trees heavy with blossoms.

We found the French stores extremely like American ones. Beth and I bought some perfume, some silk undies and a few trinkets to bring back home—plus one dress apiece. Could any American girl go to Paris without buying a Paris frock? They were not expensive. Beth paid \$25.00 for hers—a lovely afternoon dress; I bought a gorgeous suit made out of *bed-ticking* (Schiaparelli created the original) for \$31.50.

HOW crowded with thrills, excitement, and new experiences were the days and nights! We were like two explorers on a different planet. And it wasn't until the day before we left that the witchery of Paris with its subtle, penetrating beauty began to make me sad; I sympathized with the way Satan must have felt when they told him he would have to leave Paradise. We were going back home jobless and broke, leaving behind us this romantic interlude.

I cried when the boat-train pulled out of the Gare du Nord. I didn't want to leave Paris. Beth felt miserable, too. But deep down in my heart I was fiercely happy that I had had the courage to take that wonderful trip. Of course, it was by no means over—there still was the long and delightful ocean trip back.

More days of living like goddesses on Olympus. More charming people met—including an especially handsome young writer who taught me a new meaning in moonlight, all between Bishop's Rock and Sandy Hook. Then at last we were back on the bus, headed for home. The whole trip was like a beautiful dream. Now it was time to wake up and face the hard realities of a jobless existence!

There is truth in that old saying—"Be bold! Be bold!" Courage seems to be accompanied by good luck. Within a week after we had been restored to the bosoms of our astonished families, Beth and I both landed new positions—better ones than we had had before! There hasn't been a single moment at any time when we have regretted that trip. And—guess what! We're already saving up to go again! And this time we intend to see what we missed!

Here is a summary of the complete cost of a five-weeks trip to Paris, as compiled by Harriet Kahm:

| | |
|--|----------|
| Third-Class Round Trip passage, approximately | \$115.00 |
| Passport | 11.00 |
| Bus fare, round trip, (about 500 miles each way) | 12.00 |
| Tips aboard ship | 5.00 |
| Taxis, tips to porters | 10.00 |
| Railroad fares in Europe | 10.00 |
| Hotel—fifteen days | 15.00 |
| (if you occupy a single room add \$6.00) | |
| Meals | 22.50 |
| Sight-seeing buses, carfare, etc. | 5.00 |
| Postcards, stamps, souvenirs, gifts | 20.00 |

TOTAL \$225.50

If you start out with \$300.00, this leaves about \$75.00 for miscellaneous expenses, such as theatres, opera, cafés, personal purchases, etc. Don't forget that you have no cost of living while on the boat, and this saving can be added to your fund. (For approximately \$50. more, you can have a month and a half in Paris, instead of 15 days.)

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Shirley's Lessons

She may be the "Little Queen" of the movies, but life is full of problems for Shirley Temple and her parents—particularly papa and mama Temple.

They have had a big job trying to keep life normal for Shirley, but they have done pretty well so far! How two perplexed parents have tried to keep up with the most vivacious little star on the screen is told in September **HOLLYWOOD** Magazine in an article entitled "Bringing Up Shirley Temple." It's human. It's gripping. It's any mother's child in a make-believe world!

The **NEWSY** side of Hollywood gets a big splash in **HOLLYWOOD** Magazine with spicy gossip items and a host of exclusive informal pictures, snapped by our own candid cameraman.

You can get all the news of Hollywood by reading the Hollywood News Reel and Harry Carr's Shooting Script in this one concise, breezy magazine.

Other features of the September issue include a Natural Color photograph of Shirley Temple, a side-splitting article by Jack Oakie himself entitled "I Got Stung"; a hilarious lesson in juggling as engineered by the incomparable W. C. Fields; and innumerable anecdotes and articles about the stars.



Secrets of the Stars' Closets!

[Continued from page 55]

derful convenience to have a couple of drawers for games tucked away in that two-by-four off the living room.

Joan has one of the neatest tricks I have ever heard of in her shoe closet. No matter how carefully you keep shoes, they do have a leathery odor that climbs around! And Joan eliminates it with *spice balls*. They are made of cotton, about four inches in diameter, and kept saturated with oil of cloves. They are just the thing, too, for the closet in the hall where rubbers and overcoats give off a musty smell. Once you use these balls, you will never be without them in the house—and in cost they average only a nickel apiece!

WHEN Elissa Landi recently did over her home, "The Cloisters," she decided to take the downstairs suite for her own private use—and discovered that she had practically no wardrobe space. Instead of having closets built in, Elissa did an exceptionally clever thing. She had a wardrobe built *out*, two feet deep, along the length of one wall. It is mirrored and divided into sections, one for a series of sliding drawers made to hold every conceivable accessory, and another for her sport togs. There is still another for her evening gowns, which are wrapped in bags of Argentine cloth, which is transparent, as well as dustproof. This type of wardrobe is extremely effective, and wonderfully handy. If you want one without mirrors, with the wood stained or enameled to blend with the surroundings, you can have it, made as cheaply as \$35.

In her new home, Constance Bennett has this sort of wardrobe-closet with sliding doors covering the four walls of her dressing room. Sally Blane and her sister, Polly Ann Young, have them, also, in the mirrored version, in the room they share. And this time the looking-glass is painted with gay bonnets.

There is really no end to what you can do to make closets attractive. Perhaps you are troubled by the "where-shall-I-keep-my-hats" problem. It becomes an actual difficulty with assorted boxes cluttering up every nook and corner. One good answer is to take three or four large hatboxes and cover them with wallpaper. By stuffing the hats with tissue paper and placing a sheet of the tissue in between, you can put two or three hats in a box. But Lyda Roberti has probably solved the problem in the most expert way of all. She had a number of deep drawers constructed right in her closet. In the top drawer are her berets, below come the sports hats, next the evening hats, and in the large bottom drawer are her picture hats!

Sylvia Sidney has what she calls a "three-way" closet, which is almost the answer to everything. You open the door—and discover three lovely red Chinese drapes hanging from the ceiling to the floor. Her clothes are behind one. Cupboards are behind another. And behind the third are such necessary, but undecorative things as a vacuum cleaner, a broom and a mop! Triple cleverness, we call it.

It just isn't possible for skeletons to rattle around in Hollywood closets any more. These spots now are much, much too pleasant!



Ern Westmore—of the famous Westmore brothers, coiffure counselors de luxe—looks over the Marie Antoinette coiffure he created for the Countess Rina de Liguoro. She wore it in the recent beauty pageant staged by the Westmores upon opening a Hollywood beauty shop

Sally Eilers Plays Hostess

[Continued from page 56]

be. They are the cook's best customers.

"When I serve roast beef, I usually have Yorkshire pudding with it, browned potatoes and several vegetables. I have at least three, so that the tastes of every guest may be pleased. One of my favorite vegetable dishes is the carrot ring. You grate carrots, set them in a mold, then turn out the ring on a large platter, fill the center with sautéed corn and then surround the ring with green peas. It is colorful, attractive and delicious.

"Steak dinners are topped off to any man's satisfaction by hot apple pie. I usually have it cut in the kitchen, so that it will offer no problems in serving. To decorate the apple pie tray, I take Tillamook cheese, roll it into apple-shaped balls, tint them and stick a little mint in the hollows, so that they look like little apples. I flank the pieces of pie with the cheese balls and in the center I put vanilla ice cream, and as each guest serves himself or herself there is a choice of any apple pie combination desired—apple pie with cheese, or apple pie *à la mode*. Of course, with apple pie as a dessert, it is best to serve coffee at the table. I find that men prefer it that way.

"Another favorite dessert of mine is a large pineapple, cut in half, with the center scooped out and filled with pineapple ice. It's attractive and is perfection itself after a heavy dinner. With this dessert I usually serve angel-food cake, cut into fingers and rolled in coconut.

"OF COURSE, some hostesses make the mistake of thinking a dinner is over with the coffee. As a matter of fact, that is when your evening should begin, and that is when it takes the most astute planning to continue the success begun at the dinner table. You can't leave an evening's entertainment to chance. You can't hope that people will find sufficient diversion in conversation. I invariably plan bridge or other games and see that my guests get at their amusements directly after coffee."

From the moment she has invited the first guest until she has seen the last guest leave, Sally personally assumes all of the responsibilities for the success

of the party. Her servants recognize her superior abilities, and she finds no antagonism when she goes into the pocket-handkerchief of a kitchen in her apartment to supervise details. They know that in her own right she is a splendid cook, and that if they walked out she would undoubtedly be able to do everything herself with distinguished success.

Sally Eilers is a delightful hostess, by virtue of her own scintillating personality. And her perfect "dinners at eight" are culinary gems because she transfers to them all of her own knowledge of cooking and concentrates her dramatic ability on making them events long to be remembered.

Here are Sally Eilers' favorite recipes:

MUSTARD SAUCE—For Steaks

Put piece of butter in open chafing dish or frying pan. Add three teaspoonfuls of mustard, one-fourth cup hot consommé, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, one tablespoon Sauce Diable. Bring to a boil and add a little cream and serve.

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

The ingredients are: One Philadelphia Cream Cheese, six eggs, one cup cream, and salt. Melt cheese over hot water. Add cream, stirring constantly. Beat eggs separately and add yolks, then whites. Pour into casserole and bake in hot water slowly for thirty minutes.

DATE PUDDING

The ingredients are: Two eggs, one tablespoon flour, one cup walnuts, one cup powdered sugar, one teaspoon baking powder, one cup dates. Beat eggs, add sugar, flour, and baking powder. Then add dates and nuts (cut as fine as desired). Pour in greased baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake slowly for forty-five minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

POPOVERS

The ingredients are: Two eggs, one cup milk, one cup flour, one teaspoon salt. Beat eggs (together). Add milk, flour, and salt. Beat well. Heat small muffin tins and butter generously. Fill half full of mixture. Bake in hot oven until they pop, then turn oven down. Bake about twenty minutes.

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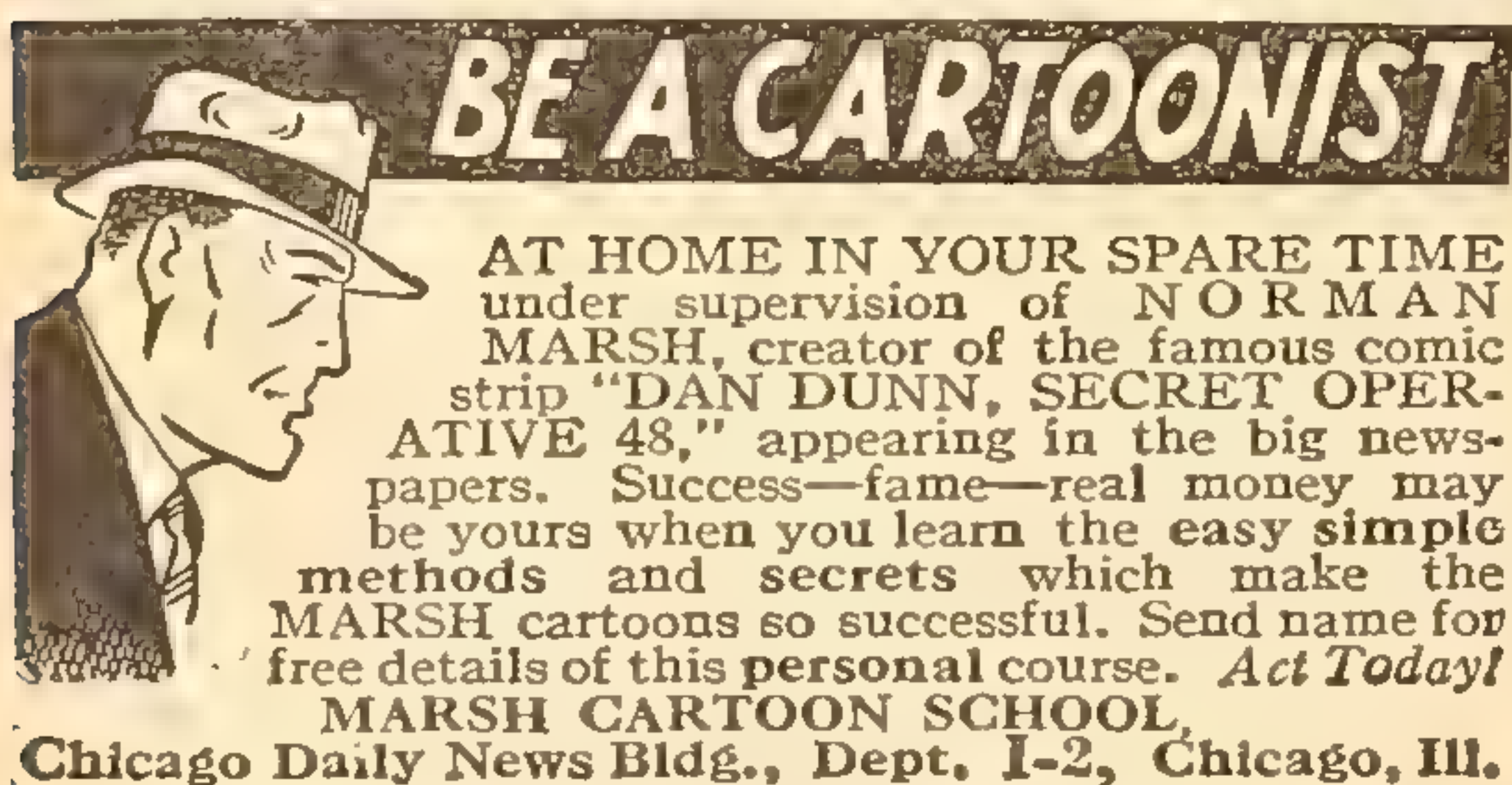
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Speaking of Movies

[Continued from page 18]

Bohème." But what a glorious treat the whole picture is for music-lovers, with the miraculous Moore singing more opera than has ever been sung in one picture before! There is a lovely chiffon dress with yards and yards of pleating that is utterly feminine. (Columbia)

• • • • • **The Farmer Takes a Wife** finds Janet Gaynor crashing through with such a sparkling performance that you'll have to believe in even higher Gaynor popularity. If it weren't for this extra-special performance, the honors would go to Henry Fonda, who is going to be a new pulse-throb with the feminine world. The story deals with the early days of the Erie Canal. Janet is a canal-boat girl; Fonda is a canal-boat worker who is saving to buy a farm and loves Janet; and Charles Bickford is the leader of a rough-and-tumble gang of canal boatmen who never lose a battle. Gaynor loves to see men fight, not because of the gory side of it, but because she believes it indicates manliness. Her allegiance to the canal takes her from one boat to another until Fonda goes back to his farm. Later he returns to thrash Bickford in one of the greatest fights ever put on the screen. And then guess what Janet does! No modern clothes problem here, but Gaynor looking her sweetest in a story that has no dull moments in it. (Fox)

• • • • • **No More Ladies** asks you: Have you ever loved a will-o'-the-wisp? That's the utterly tantalizing situation in which Joan Crawford finds herself. And when that particular "will" happens to be Robert Montgomery, then you can know what a demon of a spot the girl finds herself in! Joan marries Bob, only to find that it is as impossible for him to stop being himself as it is for her to stop loving him. (Which about sums up the fate of most feminine beings, don't you think?) Franchot Tone is brought into the picture to add complication, and to awaken Bob to his love for Joan. This young wife's stratagem in bringing Bob to a sedate husbandly state includes the bringing together of her ex-flame (Franchot), her husband's ex-affair, and several other interested persons. In the form of a week-end party, this situation is a riot of laughs, and fun all the way. It's sophisticated, indeed, and utterly brittle comedy. Charlie Ruggles and Edna May Oliver offer additional mirthful comedy. The clothes Joan wears are enough to set any feminine heart all a-twitter, and include a stunning pleated gold affair, with matching cape, an evening gown with interestingly pleated white collar that will set a new neckwear style, and a satin affair with cut-outs at the shoulder. There is also a glimpse of the famous

Crawford figure in bras and step-ins! But as faithful as you may be to Crawford, you'll have to admit it's Bob Montgomery's picture . . . and after seeing it, you'll love to admit it's so! (M-G-M)

• • • • • **Orchids to You** gives us femmes a chance to take a deep breath, and really enjoy ourselves! John Boles has at last been given a leading rôle that is worthy of his talents, and so can give us all the romance we have wanted from his pictures for some years past. He is even allowed to sing two songs, a nursery rhyme and *Sylvia*, and the Boles voice is something smooth to hear! He plays the part of an attorney, and Jean Muir furnishes the love interest in the story. Jean is fast developing into a star, and handles this rôle with sparkle and poise. And when Boles sings to her, she looks just as you and I might wish we could look in such a superb situation! Charles Butterworth is, of course, his usual droll and lovable self. The story is of the mortgage-on-the-old-homestead type, but with a different slant. Financiers desire to foreclose the mortgage on a de luxe flower shop operated by a lady, but the majority stockholder is the lady's most enthusiastic swain, played by Butterworth. The principals all become involved, and there's a clever divorce suit slant. Butterworth is responsible for the happy ending you perhaps expected, but you'd better see for yourself what love can do! (Fox)

• • • • • **Stranded** finds the beautiful Kay Francis involved in a racket story, but there's a light comedy vein that makes it satisfactory entertainment. She is a Travelers' Aid Society worker, and finds in George Brent a friend of her youth. This feeling quickly turns to love. But like a lot of modern women she likes her job, too, until the time when George's safety is endangered by racketeer troublemakers. Of course Kay is able to expose the whole affair, and save George and his job. You've always liked George Brent, haven't you? Well, you'll like him in this picture, for he's a pretty slick sort of masculine person. You can always depend on Kay to come forth with the sort of swank clothes that make feminine hearts cry for more, and so she does here. Much of the time she wears simple dark things, suits with bright knotted scarfs, dresses with white lace collars, but there's always a place for startling Francis things. For instance there's an evening gown with a halter neck, and a low back that simply slants clear down to low levels in back, with a startling grouping of white carnations right in front. And equally interesting is the white gown with a dainty collar that zips almost as low in front. Fashion hint: see the monogrammed scarf Kay wears with a street frock. (Warner's)

● ● ● **Men Without Names** asks you: Are you still interested in what G-men do for a living? Then you'll like this story about a vicious gang of killers. Remember Fred McMurray in *Gilded Lily*? If so, you'll rush along to see him as a small-town man, a newly trained G-man. Fred is a likable lad, and one who is apt to creep up and get into your heart without your knowing it. In the story he is accompanied by Lynne Overman, a veteran Government man, and together they raid the killer's lair with gory consequences and the defeat of the gangsters. Madge Evans plays the romantic interest as the local newspaperwoman, and wears the sort of clothes such gals really do. Young David Holt is her brother, and he's a most lovable child, as well as a true actor. The whole story brings a sense of reality with it . . . and there's going to be a new McMurray-ward rush after its release. (Paramount)

● ● ● ● **The 39 Steps** brings you Robert Donat again. Haven't you missed him since *The Count of Monte Cristo*? Most feminine hearts have, and they will enjoy seeing him in this melodrama. Although he is not playing a romantic rôle this time, the tale is an interesting one of international intrigue in London and Scotland. Donat finds himself involved in an attempt to secure an air ministry secret, which includes murder, shanghaing, and wild rides through foggy nights. At one stage of the proceedings he is handcuffed to Madeleine Carroll, and these

scenes form an amusing interlude in the grim tragedy of the rest of the picture. Of course, all ends well for the two. This is a British-made picture that has a distinctly English air to it all the way through. Robert Donat is an excellent actor, and as such, will bring fame to this production. (Gaumont-British)

● ● ● **The Keeper of the Bees** is the sort of picture at which you're sure to find the whole family in attendance, for it's a fine portrayal of Gene Stratton Porter's beloved novel. The plot concerns Neil Hamilton, a disabled war veteran, who is given six months to live. Starting on a good-time journey, he meets Betty Furness, who in turn takes him to the Bee Master. Here Neil regains his health, and eventually finds himself after many complications married to Betty. Sentiment, humor, and excellent characterization all rub shoulders here. (Monogram)

● ● ● **Nell Gwyn** provokes the thought: What riotous days the old days must have been! Here's a spirited and entertaining costume picture which emphasizes the glamorous Nell's fidelity to England's monarch of the time. She does battle royal with the Duchess of Portsmouth for the King's favor, and wins. The beautiful costumes make of the lovely Anna Neagle a very enchanting Nell Gwyn, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke gives an excellent portrayal as the King. The whole thing is a jolly, witty, and very robust comedy—excellent film fare. (United Artists)



As *Josephine and Napoleon*, Ann Sothorn and Jack Haley found life a serious business. So, between scenes of *The Girl Friend*, they read the comics

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Robert Donat, now appearing in *The 39 Steps*, is one of the favorite subjects of the letter-writers. And one presents a new slant on him

\$15 Prize Letter

Glamor, Bergner Brand—One hears so much about the dramatic aspiration of a certain Hollywood "glamor queen." Every interview she gives seems full of them. I do wish she would concentrate her mascara-encrusted eyes on a very great dramatic actress whose current screen masterpiece, *Escape Me Never*, is now playing in America—namely, Elisabeth Bergner.

In Miss Bergner, we have a plain little soul who, strange to relate, always dresses her hair in the same way (rather démodé!) and who wears almost dowdy clothes and yet gives a performance of stupendous emotional force which transforms her into a very beautiful being.

There is more glamor in Bergner's little fingernail than in the "glamor queen's" whole body (celebrated though her figure may be). Which just shows that it takes more than a few "dramatic poses" to make a great actress.—*Elsa Castleton, 744 Gordon Square, London W., England.*

\$10 Prize Letter

Something to Anticipate—Opera on the screen! When this becomes a reality, it will be one of the greatest evolutions in screen history! Won't we be thrilled to see such singers as Gladys Swarthout, Helen Jepson, Grace Moore, Nino Martini, and Jan Kiepura? Won't we be proud to say we have seen *Carmen*, *Martha*, the Gilbert-Sullivan operas, and others? I'll say we will!

Music culture has not been in the hands of many, but now our chance has

Just As You Say...

MOVIE CLASSIC'S readers have the final word—and win prizes with their letters

come. We do not have to be content with merely reading of the great operas in New York and London; we'll see and hear them ourselves! We shall change our jazz tunes to finer, more educational music. What could be better than this? The sooner full-length opera makes its début on the screen, the better, and we'll all be there to celebrate the arrival!—*Miss Aune Waisen, 1207 11th St., Lead, S. Dak.*

You won't have long to wait now. See page 6.

\$5 Prize Letter

Likes Them Real—I would like to give the real-life picture a boost. In my opinion, the average movie-goer appreciates this type of picture to a far greater extent than the so-called modern sophisticated epics. And what more natural? Hasn't a person more interest in a portrayal closely resembling his own life than in the amorous adventures of some bejeweled, cocktail-sipping cuties as far removed from ordinary existence as Mars from Venus?

I am eighteen years old, I wear high heels, I love hot music, saxophones and hoofers, but that doesn't stop me from appreciating such pictures as *The Wedding Night*, *As the Earth Turns* and *Straight Is the Way*, all packed with intrinsic drama.—*Miss P. Blenkinsopp, 1518 Myrtle Ave., Victoria, B. C.*

Some like them real, and some don't. Which do you prefer—and why?

\$1 Prize Letters

New View of Donat—Let me, as one who spent much time in England recently, give you Robert Donat as we know him. First of all, his breath-takingly inspired performances in *The Private Life of Henry VIII* and *The Count of Monte Cristo* gave us a jolt and no mild surprise. We always knew him as a light-hearted, slightly swanky fellow on the Robert Montgomery style. That he had a serious side, and could feed us ancient vintage romance and make us lap it up and ask for more, never occurred to us.

But we like him this new way because he is a good actor, the like of which Hollywood sorely needs. So give him to us in *Captain Blood* (no wig, please), *Robin Hood* and *Romeo*. And in heaven's name, let the American public know now what an enthusiastic, effervescent, and grand person he really is!—*Ardell Beyer, 337-47th Street, Union City, N. J.*

Shirley's Secret—Why can't some of the other actresses take a hint from Shirley Temple? How has she become such a favorite? Surely not by being aloof and mysterious about her life, nor by wearing dark glasses in order to avoid recognition by her public. Shirley is as honest as the sun about everything she does, and we love her for it. We'd hate to picture our little Shirley going glamorous and alluring on us, wouldn't we?—*Edna Batchis, 370 Cochran Place, Valley Stream, L.I., N.Y.*

For Movie "Bargains"—May I put in concerning this double-feature squabble? We have long had them showing at the neighborhood theatres in our fair city. Often I spend a very pleasant evening in the theater—and if one feature isn't good, I always feel my evening isn't wasted since I have seen two for the price of one. Maybe I am a little Scotch, but two features in these bargain-hunting days are a good bargain.—*Martha McHatton, 5631 Lowell Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.*

This is the strongest sales point of double-feature programs—two pictures for the price of one. Are you sold on the idea, or not? Why?

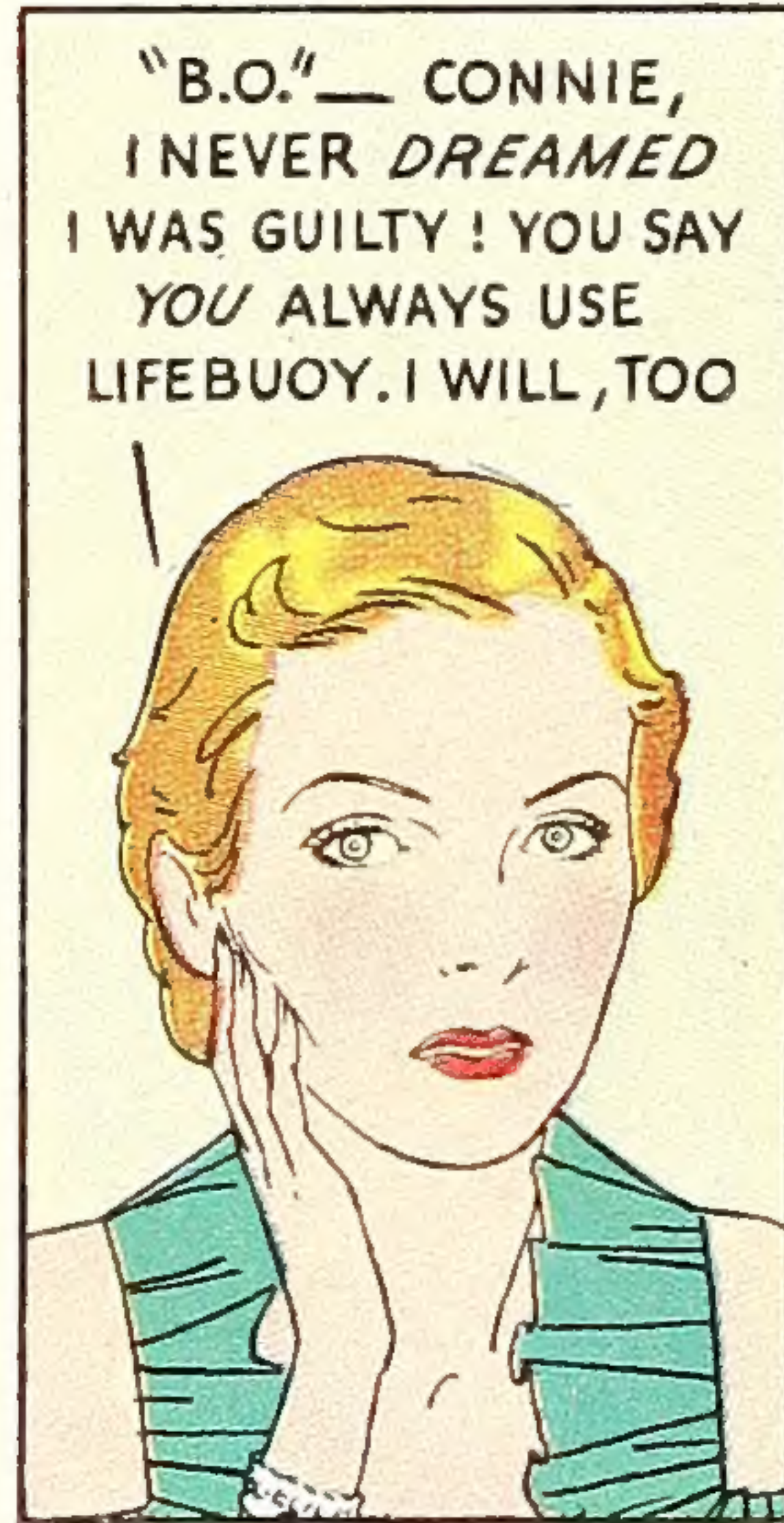
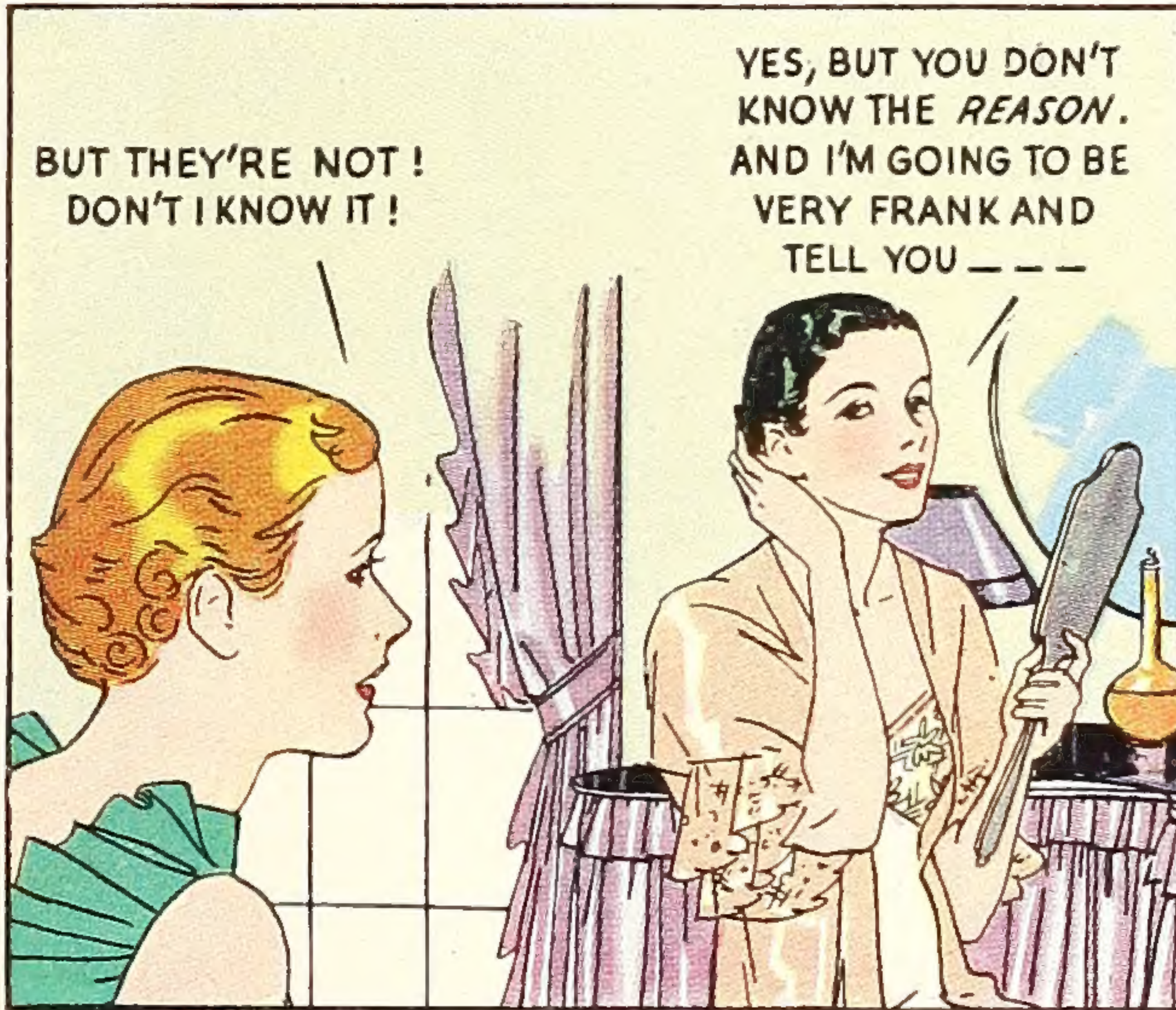
Diamonds in Backyard—Hollywood, why don't you wake up? Give your extras and stand-ins a break! Put on an "ability" campaign! Forget "theatrical and social background"! In other words, take a few chances! You've got the material if you'll train it—acres of diamonds right in your own backyard.

Broadway takes unknowns and makes stars of them. And anything that Broadway can do, Hollywood can do double, if Hollywood will.—*Louise Williams, 1007 West Grace St., Richmond, Va.*

MOVIE CLASSIC wants its readers to write their opinions of stars, productions, and movie conditions in general so that all readers may benefit by them. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC will offer these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) \$15; (2) \$10; (3) \$5; all others published, \$1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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